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ON MIRACLES AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

CHAPTER III.

THE Bible is a book which "he who runs may read." But if a man will read it, as a critic, he is bound to read it, by all the light which he can get; and to remember also, that even so he may be but in a dim twilight. "Rise, take up thy bed and walk," were words which turned to a miracle of healing for a poor man, so as that he could roll up his bit of carpet and walk away. But for want of that information, with which always the back-ground of Scriptural scenes ought to be filled up, in an old Dutch engraving, the sufferer of thirty-eight years, is pictured as walking away with a four-post bedstead, curtains, and bedding on his shoulders. And often on the miracles of the Scriptures, there are comments made, which philosophically are just as unwitting as that Dutch picture. For indeed miracles presuppose some kind of pneumatology. But this is a thing which is hardly ever thought of, because of the anti-supernaturalism of the times, which latterly, men have been living through. "Pneumatology — what is that, and what can that have to do with the Scriptures?" These are questions, which have been asked in all seriousness, by persons, like whom, there are thousands of others, both

among those who attack, and those who defend the Scriptures.

Pneumatology is the science, or rather, is the best understanding of men as to the spiritual universe, as to the ranks of spiritual beings, from the highest to the lowest, and especially of men as spiritual beings, and of the ways in which spiritually, they may affect one another; of their connections also with the spiritual world, and of the modes by which men may be affected, while yet in the flesh, by the influences and occupants of that world to which they belong spiritually, and also for eternity: and of the liabilities too and possibilities incidental to human nature, because of man's mixed constitution, as to body and spirit. This is pneumatology. And the pneumatology of the Scriptures, is that understanding of the spiritual universe, which the sacred writers had, when they wrote their respective books, psalms and epistles. A matter this, of infinite importance! And it never could have been so commonly lost sight of, as it has been, but for the anti-supernaturalism of these latter times, and but that the best belief of the best believer to-day, is not much better than the glimmering perceptions of some materialist philosopher, when first the eyes of his understanding begin to open spiritually. Deny the miracles of the Scriptures, without ever having known of the pneumatology involved in them! A man might as well denounce the calculations and predictions of astronomy because they are not of a piece with his pocket arithmetic.

And the defense of the Scriptures, in ignorance of the pneumatology pervading them, is, of course, but blundering work. And with a pneumatology of his own, however imperfectly understood, the ordinary Jew, of ancient times, may have been a much better witness as to miracles, than many a modern critic, in his place, would have been, who however scientific he may be as to matter, has no science of spirit whatever. Also for lack of a Scriptural pneumatology, even for the best-disposed students, some things in the Bible are almost unintelligible, which would otherwise be very simple, and some things, which are not often believed, would become abundantly credible. Also the necessities of theologians in

controversy have betrayed theology into some false positions, on Scriptural subjects, which they would never have occupied, if they had known the lay of the land on which they were contending, as through a pneumatology properly ascertained, they would have done.

It has been widely held as a truism, that there never have been any other miracles, than what are recorded in the Bible, or than certainly what happened in Biblical ages, or than what were seals of the Almighty set upon doctrines. This, however, is not Scriptural, and though it is intended as a defense of the Scriptures, it is ruinous to the philosophy of miracles.

That the gods of the heathen were stocks and stones, or at best, fine statues, is become even a truism. And yet notwithstanding what two or three passages in the Old Testament, may seem to say differently, it is as certain, apparently, as the reality of the first commandment, that besides Jehovah, there were other gods of a kind, to be had.

And similarly, at present, the prophets denounced in the Old Testament, are commonly supposed, all of them, to have been persons who pretended to prophecy, while they knew themselves, that they were only impostors. Whereas commonly, he was a prophet, who was false to the Lord, and who allowed himself to be used as a mouthpiece or other agency, by some false god, some demon or human spirit, who had got lodged, it may have been, in a temple, and by some such means probably, as are used now, for enticing martins to build in a garden.

And because magic might seem to render miracles less miraculous, it has been fancied, that there may have been anciently, a curious modification of language taken for granted, occasionally, by which when a thing was said to have been done, it was understood as having simply been pretended to have been done. And thus in Exodus, in rivalry with Moses, when "the magicians did so with their enchantments," it has been held that the proper understanding is, that merely the magicians seemed or pretended to do so.

It has been supposed absolutely, that before Christ, there was no belief in another life, among the Jews. And on this

account, the revelation of a future life by Jesus Christ is thought to have been the more peculiar and wonderful. What then does all the legislation by Moses mean, as to familiar spirits, if such a thing as a familiar spirit, had never been conceived of? And if it should be said, that one might have believed in a spirit, without necessarily having conceived that that spirit was a man with prolonged existence; then let the account of the woman of Endor be considered, a woman that had a familiar spirit. Through her says the narrative, she having seen "gods ascending from the earth," Saul talked with Samuel, much to his distress. The ordinary comment on this interview, says that it was all imposture. But the Bible itself does not say so. But even supposing that one might contradict the history, in that flat manner, there still would remain all, for which it is here cited, that among the Hebrews, at that early time, there was such a belief, in a disembodied existence of the human soul, as that Saul the king thought that the prophet Samuel, though dead and buried, might yet have a word for him, in his sore extremity. No belief, among the ancient Jews, in another life, even though it were only before Malachi, the last of the prophets! It would seem, as though it might have been common even as "a familiar spirit." Certainly Jesus fully presumed on such a belief amongst them, when he said, "As touching the resurrection of the dead, have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob? God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." And surely this is a plain statement of doctrine. But it may be asked, what then was meant, by St. Paul, when he wrote that our Saviour Jesus Christ "hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light, through the gospel"? Perhaps this may mean something, far in advance, doctrinally, of what is commonly thought. As a matter of fact and history, it is certain, that at the appearing of our Saviour, the Jews did all believe in a life to come, with the exception of the small sect of Sadducees. But by those words of his, what then did Paul mean, over and above the general belief of the time?

He says that life and immortality were brought to light ; he does not say that they were brought out of utter darkness : but he adds, that it was by the gospel. By the visible resurrection of Christ, it was evident that there was a way by which men might live again. But besides that, though simultaneously with that knowledge, by the spirit of Christ, the connections between this world and the next, were made manifest, and especially as regards faith and righteousness. Because of the spirit, which they had got from him, in Christ all the early Christians felt themselves risen again from the dead. In Greece and Rome, a life after death, was as distinctly believed in, by the Pagans, as it is to-day at Rome or Athens. But why then was not ancient literature more tinged, by some coloring reflected from the world, believed in ? Precisely because the Pagans were without Christ. Life and immortality were believed to exist, but they were not brought to light as they are by the gospel, were not felt as familiarly as Christians feel them ; were not believed in, because of the indwelling Spirit, which teaches, but were credited mainly because of ghost-stories, which were true enough perhaps, in themselves, but which could affect only the externality of a man's nature, and not his inmost heart, out of which are the issues of life for this world, and the world, which is to come, — thought, speech and holiness, literature and righteous action.

In the Hebrew Scriptures, there is a word, which is commonly translated "grave," but sometimes when that could not possibly be the rendering, it is translated "hell." But it means neither ; and it means simply and exactly the place of souls. The word is "sheol." The place of ghosts, is the meaning of the word according to the Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon of Dr. G. B. Winer, published in Leipsic. But how then does it happen that a mistranslation of the word into "grave" or "hell," should run throughout the Old Testament ? It has been for the same reason, for which that mistranslation has been recently perpetuated in a late Cyclopædia, published in England. It was done originally, because the early English translators of the Bible, could not think that any word therein

could possibly lend any countenance to the Catholic doctrine of purgatory, or ought to. The place of souls, might have been understood as purgatory possibly, and so it was translated either into hell outright, or else into the grave. And the consequence of this is to the English reader, that the ancient Hebrews, from their Scriptures, would seem to have been a people, who almost never had a thought of another life, except now and then of hell, topographically. The word "hades" is mistranslated in the New Testament, in much the same way. This all, at present, would be a great disgrace to the quarter, where any authority or responsibility on the matter may belong, only that every Protestant living perhaps, by his own mental condition, is more or less accessory to it. The Rabbi Ben Levi assured Dr. Priestly in a printed letter, that through Moses there was known to the Jews, the certainty of a life hereafter. And no doubt, this was much to the philosophic doctor's amazement and amusement, both. For on this subject, about every good Protestant, the words are true, which Paul wrote to the Corinthians, in regard to a kindred subject of ignorance. "But even unto this day, when Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart."

The demoniacs are another illustration of the anti-supernatural understanding, with which the Scriptures are read, by many implicit believers of the New Testament, both scholars and pietists. "The demoniacs were merely epileptic patients," say certain ponderous theologians. And in this opinion, certain other theologians acquiesce, belonging to two or three different schools, and they say, "We do not see what else they could have been." And so the demoniacs of the New Testament, are to be accounted epileptics, mainly because modern theology cannot conceive of a demoniac. And why cannot modern theology conceive of a demoniac? Because it can hardly even conceive of a prophet; because of the nature of prophecy, it has scarcely a word to say; and because though intensely spiritual with some professors, it is yet almost as destitute of pneumatology as materialism itself. And yet in the Gospels, if there be any one thing, which would seem to be plainer than another, because of the many times, when it

is mentioned, and the various ways, in which it is presented, and the solemn manner also, in which it is complicated with the highest claims of Jesus as the Christ—that one thing would seem to be the reality of spiritual possession, the certainty that there have been demoniacs. Possession by intruding, unclean spirits, is a liability to which human beings are subject by nature. It is a human trouble, as rare perhaps, as the plague of the black death, but historically just as certain. Nor has it been an abnormal thing, probably, But whenever it has happened, no doubt, it has been as the result of laws, as definite as those which used to conduce to leprosy, or as those which are now concerned with cholera. But now if really devils, demons, unclean spirits, or intruding spirits of any degree of unworthiness, were ever cast out of men, by Jesus Christ or his apostles, then is this world a very different place from the world, which Buckle knew all about.

When the Reformers broke away from the Catholic Church, they did leave, probably, much bad practice behind them, but they abandoned also some good theology, as well perhaps as much that was bad, and also a great deal of useful pneumatology, besides probably information, which was of an esoteric, oral character, though not the less important, on that account. And besides this, they wrenched themselves from Catholicism so violently, as to twist themselves, and distort their judgments. But indeed that wrench away, could not well have been different from what it was, when an argument, whether good or poor was fore-doomed to conclude with a death at the stake. However, Protestants complain and not unfairly of the vulgate version of the Bible, as being Roman Catholic. But certainly the mistranslation of the word "sheol" into "hell" or "grave" makes the authorized version of England be essentially Protestant.

In the Bible, managed as it has been by prejudiced translators and sectarian commentators, the miracles narrated are more miraculous, that is they are primarily less credible, than they ought to be; because the general narrative and doctrine are not in as good keeping with them, as they ought to be, in some respects. The prophet Samuel emerging from a state of

corruption in a hole in the ground, would be one thing ; but a very different thing indeed as to conceivableness and credibility, would be the prophet Samuel emerging on mortal vision, like " gods ascending from the earth," for people who believed that there was a " sheol," a region of departed spirits. When the patriarch Jacob was at the end of his life, he said, " I am to be gathered unto my people : bury me with my fathers, in the cave, that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite." It was the death of a man, who had no knowledge of a hereafter, many theologians have said. But now how differently these words sound, if it be supposed, on perhaps a good translation of his words, that in his grief for his son Joseph, " He refused to be comforted, and he said, ' For I will go down to the assembled spirits, unto my son mourning.' "

Miracles for people, whose fathers and forefathers were living souls, angel-visits to people who believed in a disembodied life, would seem to have been more probable in themselves, and more credible, than as though they had happened among persons, who were without any knowledge of another world, and who were also without any of the ways of feeling, which are akin to that knowledge. The Catholic Church may perhaps formerly have made too much of the Supernatural ; and through recoil and accidentally, Protestantism from its very beginning, would seem to have had something of an undue tendency towards anti-supernaturalism. The effect of this inherited prejudice, a student has got to allow for, if he would find his right place on the field of thought.

CHAPTER IV.

MULTITUDES who read the Scriptures, have quick eyes for the texts, which seem to concern the doctrine of the Trinity, or the nature of baptism, or the manner of church-government. But they are very few indeed, who have an eye for the supernatural. Long ago, even Richard Baxter, towards even the end of his life, ingenuously confessed how much he had been astonished, on counting up, at the number of occasions, on which angels are mentioned in the Bible. As to there being a

science of spirit involved in the Scriptures, how very few people ever think of such a thing. And of those who attack the credibility of the Scriptures, as compromising the dignity of Jehovah by making him appear to men and talk with them, and give them visions, how very few remember that already and very long ago it had been said, "No man hath seen God at any time." And of these inconsiderate critics, how much fewer still are they, who have tried what Maimonides — good old Rabbi — could do for them, even though indisposed to follow him entirely! Thus writes Maimonides in his book "Gad:" — "Know also that all the prophets, who mention prophecy as coming to them, ascribe it either to an angel or to the blessed God, although it was by means of an angel, without doubt. On this point, our rabbies of blessed memory, long ago delivered their opinion in explaining, "And the Lord said to her" thus — by means of an angel. And know further, that whenever it is written that an angel spake with one, or that the word of the Lord came to him, this has not taken place in any other way than in a dream, or in a prophetic vision. There is an ancient adage respecting communications made to the prophets, as they are recounted in the prophetic books, which states that they were made in four ways. First, the prophet makes known that the communication was made by an angel in a dream or vision. Secondly, he merely mentions the communication of the angel to him, without explaining that it was made in a dream or vision, because of the well-established principle, that prophecy is confined to one or other of these two methods, "I will make myself known to him in a vision, I will speak unto him in a dream." Thirdly, the angel is not mentioned at all; but the communication is ascribed to God, the Blessed One, who speaks it to him, but who makes known that it comes to him in a vision or dream. Fourthly, the prophet simply declares that God spoke to him, or said to him, do this, or say this, without explaining, either by mentioning an angel, or by mentioning a dream, on account of the well-established, fundamental principle, that prophecy or prophetic revelation, comes only in dream or in vision, and through the agency of an angel." This is from the transla-

tion by S. H. Turner, as is also the following: "Furthermore it ought to be known that the expression 'And the Lord said to such an one' is used when strictly speaking, he has no prophetic vision, but the communication was made to him by means of a prophet." It will be remembered, of course, that by vision is meant what is experienced in a preternatural, trance-like state. Thus at Joppa, the Apostle Peter "fell into a trance, and saw heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him." But at Jerusalem, giving an account of this experience, he said, "I was in the city of Joppa, praying; and, in a trance, I saw a vision, a certain vessel descend." This is the use of the word "vision," which Maimonides has, — a vision in a trance-like state.

Does all this seem strange? Yet it is all, or very nearly all in the Old Testament itself, and not very hard to find; only that we are "slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken," and need for our enlightenment almost a miracle, like that with which Christ favored the two disciples, on their walk from Jerusalem to Emmaus, when he expounded the Scriptures, beginning at Moses and all the prophets. Christian divines of all ages, and some of the greatest, have agreed with the statement just quoted from Maimonides. But indeed, a thousand years before the Rabbi, one of the earliest of the Christian fathers, Justin Martyr, had written, "He, whom we call the Creator of all things, has never been seen by anybody; nor has he ever of himself spoken to any man." Philip à Limborch explaining in what sense Moses saw God face to face, on a comparison of texts, says, "Hence it results that the whole revelation made to Moses was by the instrumentality of an angel, who represented God, and who was therefore exactly like God himself speaking." It was to that abbreviated way of describing revelation, that Jesus perhaps referred when in argument with the readers of the Old Testament, he said, "If he called them gods, unto whom the word of God came, and the Scripture cannot be broken." Soon after the resurrection of Jesus Christ, the Jews were addressed by Stephen as having "received the law by the disposition of angels." This view of the Jewish revelation is

evidently taken for granted, in the epistle to the Galatians. And in the epistle to the Hebrews, Judaism is described as "the word spoken by angels." And writing to Timothy, Paul said that the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ, was what "In his times he shall shew, who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords ; who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto ; whom no man hath seen, nor can see : to whom be honor and power everlasting." This is not quite the state of things, spiritually, which some people would seem to suppose. And there must be agencies active in this universe, and after a manner which would surprise not materialists only, but some very good Christians also.

After what has preceded, it will strike the reader more ; but otherwise how few people are ever properly impressed by the commencement of the book of Revelation ! "The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to shew unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass ; and he sent and signified it by his angel unto his servant John : who bare record of the word of God, and of the testimony of Jesus Christ, and of all things that he saw." The Revelation was given by God to Jesus Christ ; and by Jesus Christ it was communicated to an angel ; and by the angel it was delivered to John : and by John it was published in the Church, — a revelation from the Father of Lights, that came down from above, and, as it were, through one world and another, till it reached this earth, to shew unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass.

Many a Christian divine would be astonished at the position with which he would have to take up, if he were asked by a Jew to tell him, out of the book of Acts precisely and exactly, how it was that Christian Jews felt themselves authorized to baptize and accept Gentiles as Christians. And many a good Christian, who thinks that he knows all about Providence, would feel himself, as it were, called away into a strange region, if he were asked to explain why God communicated with the Jews through angels, while all the while not a sparrow fell to the ground without his knowledge, nor

was there a man, even, but on his head the hairs were all numbered.

If the miracles of the Bible seem incredible to any one, let him bethink himself, that he perhaps has never read the Scriptures ; for passing the eye over the words, is certainly not the same as catching the sense. Many a man has defended the reality of miracles, out of a Bible which was blinded against him, by his own unconscious anti-supernaturalism. And many a disbeliever, if he knew the spiritual philosophy involved in the Scriptures, would accept both miracles and doctrine alike, and at once.

When the words are read in church, "The word of the Lord came," how few people have ever wondered as to how it came, or as to how Isaiah or Hosea received it. And worse still than this, there are persons who deride the prophets, who yet have never thought, nor inquired, nor even suspected, whether possibly a prophet might not have been an honest man with some constitutional peculiarity, fitting him for prophecy. "And he said, Hear now my words : if there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make myself known unto him in a vision, and will speak unto him in a dream." There are many scientific men who would not doubt, for a moment, but that they know proportionately as much about Christianity as they do about science. And yet out of all their multitude, for one man who could define the nature of prophecy, there must be a thousand utterly ignorant about it, though they know well about chemical affinities as operative on the floor of the ocean, and have curious information as to bivalves, and as to the manner in which flat fish are acted upon by light reflected from below.

Miracles incredible as narrated in the Scriptures, — it is no wonder that they should have become so, to some persons ; because so many connections of probability and credibility have been stripped away from them, or have been at least forgotten. And now for this state of things what is the remedy ? It will come not with argument at all, perhaps ; nor will it probably result much from any forthcoming information ; but it will come with time and the grace of God, and for some per-

sons, it may be that it will come in a way, not altogether alien to that by which the earliest Christians, on the re-appearance of their crucified Lord, were mentally re-instated after their bewilderment. "Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures."

And indeed not the Bible only, but even the globe itself, is to a man what simply himself he is ready to have it be. To one man this earth is a heap of dirt in which to worm his way; and to the red Indian, uncorrupted, it was a broad hunting-field, on which the Great Spirit showed him favors. To one man, it is chiefly of interest, as having been once the plaything of natural forces, geologically; the ways of whose gamboling he delights to trace and classify. While in the eyes of another it is like a great egg, with vital powers operative in it and about it, which are instructive to watch. And for still another man, scientifically, it is like a book of common understanding between himself and the creator. And for still another student of science, the earth with all its fullness of laws chemical, dynamic and vital, is as towards God, but "the hiding of his power." And another rarer person still, feels as though continually a voice were calling to him "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground," because of the heavenly affinities with which the world is wrapped about for believing souls; because of what prayer effects all round the earth; and because of the manner in which the forces of nature concur with spirit for spiritual ends. And to spirits of different orders, it is conceivable that our earth varies still more than it does to the feelings, respectively of its own inhabitants. And even of spirits, who have departed from the life of this earth, there is an old philosophy, according to which, for various reasons, one spirit might for a while keep a clear view of the earth and its inhabitants, while another might have lost all sight of it, with his last mortal breath. And it is conceivable, too, that the most familiar spot in this world is what we should not know, if we could look at it through the eyes of a seraph.

And what happened for his servant at the instance of the prophet Elisha, "Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes that he may

see," — were this done for any man to-day, what a change, in a moment, there would be in everything about him! The solid earth, perhaps, would have become but as a vapor, just dense enough to hold the spirit of nature and manifest its play and glow; while distances above, around and below, would be felt to be at once infinitely great and curiously small, changing, so to say, with the spectator's changing mind. Also, for that man, the clouds and atmosphere would have disappeared, while the invisible ether perhaps would have become visible, and alive with currents of fluid more subtile than electricity, and with angels passing in glory like shooting stars, and with resemblances of auroras and seas of gold, and also with threads of sympathy between souls on earth and souls departed, and which may be none the less real or useful, for not being known of, on either side. Also with some appearance, not far from him, some silvery, golden sheen, which he might notice, he might have an experience like that of St. John the Divine, and see the smoke of incense, with prayers of saints, ascending up before God, from a golden censer in an angel's hand. And after this in a moment, with merely remembering his dead father, he might find himself face to face with him. And then as this opening of his eyes was closing, and while his sight was changing back to the natural, he might retain perhaps out of all that he had seen, only some few incongruous reminiscences, and a sense that the great glory itself of the vision was what it is not possible for a man to utter.

World beyond world! World within world! Not only are the miracles of the Scriptures credible, but because of what information now faith can extract from science, more and more natural does the supernatural seem to become, and more and more supernatural, because of its susceptibilities, does the kingdom of nature seem to grow.

A glimpse about us with those eyes, which will open for us first probably only after death, — a glimpse with those eyes, with which we are to see, to all eternity — just a glimpse of the spiritual world, which indeed already we are living in, though we are cased against it by the flesh, — with just one

glimpse we should feel, that in such a world as there is about us, and that with such worlds within worlds, as there are which probably concern us, that the promises of Christ may yet perhaps be to be fulfilled, and that greater works than have yet been done, Christians may yet do by invoking, in faith, Him of the name, which is above every name, and unto whom morals, politics and science, rule, authority and power, and all things, are to be subdued. And with that one glimpse too, what impossibilities as to belief would vanish! For in that widened sphere, vitally connected with humanity, that the spirit of demons might be competent to add confusion to human affairs, by working miracles, in some way or other, on the road, and at the time contemplated in the book of Revelations,—this all would seem to be not much more improbable than that wicked rulers should ever be backed by genius. And between the highest and the lowest sources of miracles, foretold in the New Testament, there would seem to be place for those spirits, about whom there is a forewarning by St. John, that they ought not to be believed as spirits simply, but that they should be tried as to their being of God, because actually and already, and to John's own knowledge, and as though by inspiration from spirits, there were many false prophets "gone out into the world."

Miracles impossible because of science! They are impossible to the belief of a man, simply because of the conceit, which comes of learning, but in no other way. For really the powers of nature, as they are discovered by science, would seem to be the ready, pliant agencies of supernatural purposes. Why should not the demons of Plato's theology be as much at home on magnetic currents, as men are in steam-boats? Why should not an angel be able to approach this earth, by subordinating electricity to his use, as well as Benjamin Franklin have been able to draw, and concentrate, and enslave it for human purposes? Science! what has science, in the court of common sense, to say against the miracles of healing, by a word or a touch, which are told of in the Scriptures? It has nothing, absolutely nothing whatever to say, except that it has not heard of such things of late centuries,

and that they do not appear ever to have been very common : but that is nothing for science to tell. To an angel of wisdom, or to the eyes of the best inhabitant of the star Sirius, imported into this earth, as a judge, belladonna would not seem to be any more likely, as a curative agent, than a man's hand. And when it is remembered what a man's hand may be as a channel—how it is connected with his brain, and through his brain with a wide universe of forces known and occult, and with God the fountain-head of all power ; and when, by Christians, not as necessary to the argument but additionally, it is remembered that through the Spirit, God was in Christ, and Christ in his apostles and others, it does not then seem to be incredible, even in itself, that the human hand stretched forth in faith, may have been as efficient for healing as dried herbs at their best, and quicker than they as to operation. In the Gospel of Luke, it is written that "It came to pass, when he was in a certain city, behold a man full of leprosy : who, seeing Jesus, fell on his face and besought him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. And he put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, I will : be thou clean. And immediately the leprosy departed from him."

CHAPTER V.

AND now let miracles be considered in connection with persons. There is a restricted use of the word "miracle," as what might concern only material substances. But it is not Scriptural. And there is a restricted use of the word "prophet," by which it means simply a foreteller. But neither is this Scriptural. In the Scriptures themselves, prophets are not all of one class, either. Also in the times of the Scriptures, a man was specially a prophet, who filled officially and by public recognition the place of a prophet. Daniel was a prophet, but he was also an exile in Babylon ; and it may be for this reason that, in a Hebrew Bible, the book of Daniel is not printed along with the books of the prophets, but elsewhere. Then again, however, Abraham is styled a prophet. But some little variation in the use of words during two thou-

sand years, is of course to be expected. And so in the account of Saul's first visit to Samuel, it is written "he that is now called a prophet, was beforetime called a Seer."

What then was a prophet? He was a channel for spirit—for the Spirit of God, or for the inspiration of an "evil spirit;" he may have been, according to Jeremiah, one of "the prophets that prophesy lies," or one of "the prophets of the deceit of their own heart," or he may have been according to what is perhaps the better understanding of a text in Zechariah, the prophet of "an unclean spirit;" he may have "prophesied in the name of the Lord," or he may have "prophesied by Baal." He was a man through whom incorporeal, intelligent power expressed itself, by thoughts foreign to the man's mind, or by actions passing human ability, as to quality or intensity. In this definition, the word "through" is used in its broader signification, and as meaning sometimes "concurrently with;" and thereby as embracing some miracles, which were begun and finished outside of the person of the prophet, but yet within-side of a sphere, wherein was available that peculiarity of his constitution, whereby he was prophetic. Though also it would seem, as though some few of the miracles, narrated in the Bible, and especially in the earlier ages, may perhaps have been independent of the person of a prophet, and connected with him simply as an associate assistance.

But there are yet two or three other things to be noticed. Balaam is not called a prophet, notwithstanding that wonderful history, in which he was concerned: and notwithstanding that "the Spirit of God came upon him;" and notwithstanding that he was Balaam, the son of Beor, "which heard the words of God, and knew the knowledge of the Most High, which saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open." This is an exact description of the prophetic state. Nor yet was Gideon called a prophet, notwithstanding his having been addressed by an angel, and been favored with miracles, and notwithstanding that "the Spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon." But this may have been because of his never having had any experience like the special characteristic of a prophet, because he never "saw

the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open." Also as used by St. Paul, prophecy is simply speaking from the Spirit, and might seem to be of no kinship with miracles. But then there are those famous words addressed to the Corinthians, in which miracles and prophecy are said to be of the same origin, and to be indeed one and the same thing, at their coming forth from spirit into nature, "There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all," quickening, illuminating and endowing men, according as they are susceptible and willing. "The manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues: but all these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will."

Also, says St. Paul, "He that is joined unto the Lord, is one spirit;" and so, necessarily, he is become a man of infinite and innumerable possibilities for this world or the next—united with the fountain-head of all goodness and truth and power, even though, for the present, it be only by a channel coming down from above, and along the far-away course of which, angel calls to angel, up the heights of heaven. By the Spirit of God, all men are not affected exactly alike, because with it men are still men, and of their respective nationalities, generations and individualities. Samson was a man of rude strength and in a rude age, and with Philistines to think of. "And behold a young lion roared against him. And the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he rent him, as he would have rent a kid, and he had nothing in his hand." But Paul in Samson's place, probably, could never have done the same thing, or have been so strengthened perhaps, any more than the hand of Samson would have availed for Paul's epistles. And so differently indeed by the same Spirit, was

Paul affected from Samson, that he wrote, "When I am weak, then am I strong."

And Gideon, — "the angel of the Lord appeared unto him, and said unto him, The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor." And how was the Lord with him? It was through the channel of the valiant man's valor. For "the spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon," and it blew through his trumpet, and it clenched for him his right hand upon his sword; and that sword was "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Azariah and Zechariah being prophets, the Spirit of God with them became messages, beginning with "Thus saith the Lord." Says David, "The Spirit of the Lord spake by me;" and the historian adds, "Sweet psalmist of Israel." And his psalms are the psalms of the Spirit and of David. And now how was it with Simeon of Jerusalem, when "the Holy Ghost was upon him"? It was according to his condition, which was that of a devout old man, hopeful and expectant, at a time of extremity, because of what his nation was historically. "And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ. And he came by the Spirit into the temple, and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law, then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

The protomartyr Stephen probably knew of the counsel, as to taking no thought beforehand for magistrates, for what he should say. And how was it with him, "full of faith and power," when he was confronted by enemies? "They were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake." And more than that, "all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." Altogether different from that of any of the personages before mentioned, was the experience of the Spirit by St. John the Divine: and very widely different, it certainly was from what Gideon or Samson knew of. Says John of himself, being in Patmos, long enough after the death

of his Lord, to date by the Lord's Day, and with a mind in all probability anxious about the future of the church, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice as of a trumpet, saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last : and what thou seest write in a book."

Before one can estimate fairly the significance of a miracle, he must know how the worker of the miracles was estimated. Commonly every prophet is supposed to have been "a man of God" even through the name of prophet merely ; and every word, which he may have uttered, it is often supposed, must have been holy. And yet there is an account, under the reign of Jeroboam, of the misdeed and capital punishment of "the man of God, who was disobedient unto the word of the Lord."

The history of King Saul is very instructive as to the faculty of prophecy, in connection with character. After he had been anointed by the prophet Samuel, and just as had been predicted for him, "Behold, a company of prophets met him ; and the Spirit of God came upon him, and he prophesied among them." A while after that, because of an atrocious proposal of the Ammonites, "The Spirit of God came upon Saul, when he heard those tidings, and his anger was kindled greatly." After this, there are accounts of the untoward ways of Saul : and then it is to be read that "The Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him." Soon after this "The evil spirit from God came upon Saul, and he prophesied in the midst of the house ;" and directly afterwards "Saul was afraid of David, because the Lord was with him, and was departed from Saul." And then a little later, because of the Spirit of God, which mastered all his messengers, and made them prophesy, as they approached Samuel, instead of discharging their errand, himself, "he went thither to Naioth in Ramah : and the Spirit of God was upon him also, and he went on and prophesied until he came to Naioth in Ramah. And he stripped off his clothes also, and prophesied before Samuel in like manner, and lay down naked, all that day and all that night. Wherefore they say, Is Saul also among the proph-

ets?" According to this history then, Saul prophesied at one time from the Spirit of God, and at another time from an evil spirit; then again from the Spirit of God, and then apparently from something which is not distinctly defined. With Saul then, the faculty of prophecy was independent of its use; just as poetry may sing to the glory of God, or may be a ribald jester in the household of Satan.

There is a curious history, in the thirteenth chapter of the First Book of the Kings. A prophet had been on a wonderful errand to Bethel, and by the word of the Lord, had been ordered not to eat or drink there. But he was accosted by an old prophet, who "said unto him, I am a prophet also as thou art: and an angel spake unto me, by the word of the Lord, saying, Bring him back with thee unto thine house, that he may eat bread and drink water. But he lied unto him. So he went back with him, and did eat bread in his house, and drank water. And it came to pass, as they sat at the table, that the word of the Lord came unto the prophet that brought him back. And he cried unto the man of God that came from Judah, saying, Thus saith the Lord, Forasmuch as thou hast disobeyed the mouth of the Lord, and hast not kept the commandments, which the Lord thy God commanded thee, but camest back, and hast eaten bread and drunk water in the place, of the which the Lord did say to thee, Eat no bread and drink no water; thy carcass shall not come unto the sepulchre of thy fathers." Here a man known as an old prophet, immediately after hearing of a series of striking miracles, lies fearfully in pretending a message from an angel, by the word of the Lord. And yet quickly afterwards to that same old prophet "the word of the Lord came" with a prophecy against the prophet who had been deluded by him, and which was almost instantly fulfilled.

Moses and Aaron and Miriam were brothers and sister, and had been witnesses together of great miracles in Egypt, at the Red Sea, at Mount Sinai and at Taberah. Yet Miriam and Aaron spake against Moses: and they said, "Hath the Lord indeed spoken only by Moses? hath he not spoken also by us? And the Lord heard it." And although she was a

prophethess, and even perhaps all the more readily, because of that psychical channel or condition, through which she was capable of being made prophetic, she found induced on her suddenly a miraculous leprosy. And of Moses himself, there is to be read, what is very striking. He had gone up with miraculous attendance, and at the call of the Lord on to Mount Sinai, where he remained forty days. And the Lord "gave unto Moses, when he had made an end of communing with him upon Mount Sinai, two tables of testimony, tables of stone, written with the finger of God. And when the people saw that Moses delayed to come down out of the Mount, the people gathered themselves together unto Aaron, and said unto him, Up, make us gods, which shall go before us ; for as for this Moses the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him." Whereupon ensued bestial idolatry, of a piece with what they had known in Egypt. "And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf, and the dancing : and Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the Mount." It was in holy indignation that this was done, no doubt, but still it was, as it is written, in anger.

David was a prophet, but yet there was a terrible occasion, on which another prophet, Nathan was sent to him to say, "Thou art the man." Peter is called at Rome the Prince of the apostles, but yet, it was he, who denied three times over, that ever he had known his Lord. As St. Jerome remarks, miracles were wrought by Judas the Apostle, even when he had in him the mind of a traitor. And even of that high priest Caiaphas, who was accessory to the crucifixion of Jesus, it is written that just before that event, being in council, he pronounced an opinion. "And this spake he not of himself : but being high priest that year, he prophesied that Jesus should die for that nation."

Not only do miracles not vouch for character ; but even the very agents of miracles could quarrel among themselves, and be doubtful about doctrine. In his epistle to the Galatians, Paul writes, "He that wrought effectually in Peter to the

apostleship of the circumcision, the same was mighty in me toward the Gentiles." And then because of the time-serving of Peter, Paul says, "When Peter was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed." On one occasion, Barnabas and Saul "being sent forth by the Holy Ghost" journeyed together. And Barnabas saw great miracles wrought through Paul, at Paphos and at Lystra; but for all that, after a little while, "the contention was so sharp between them, that they departed asunder one from the other." That miracles were wrought through Paul, did not make Barnabas think that Paul was a better judge than himself, in common things. Nor apparently would he have yielded to Paul, if even he had known already, what happened soon afterwards. "And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul: so that from his body were brought unto the sick, handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them."

And indeed it is one thing, for a man to serve as a channel for the Holy Ghost; and it is a very different thing indeed, for that man himself to appropriate that Spirit, for his own enlightenment and sanctification. St. Paul himself had a very vivid sense of this. And on this very point, writing to the Corinthians, fourteen years after his marvelous experience, he says, "I knew such a man (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth)—how that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter. Of such an one will I glory; yet of myself I will not glory, but in mine infirmities." He could glory in the miracle, but only as though he himself had had nothing whatever to do with it. A wonderful man! The apostle too of everything in the Church, which is not Jewish! The great apostle of the Gentiles! But inwardly also he was great. And the greater the insight has been, which the greatest men have attained to, the more wonderfully plain has it become to them, that Paul was a channel for the Holy Spirit, not merely with his lips and the surface of his nature, but through that great heart of his, which for that purpose had ripened, as the tenantless earth did in the broad light of the

sun, by inward heat and convulsions from mysterious powers, and by processes which were at once purifying and enriching, and also terrible.

Paul might have been able to withstand harmlessly the bite of a deadly viper, because of the power which was in him ; he might have been once and again taken for a god by both Greeks and barbarians ; he might at one time, by merely sending his handkerchief have cured disease, or have chased away evil spirits ; or he might have been able to say to the Corinthians, "I thank my God, I speak with tongues more than ye all." But it was because of what was more than all that, because of his wonderful self-knowledge, because of his philosophy, because of the quickening, which he had had from the Holy Spirit, that he could also say to the Corinthians, "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection : lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

What an autobiography Paul might have written ! It would seem as though it might be like a key to endless mysteries, if only we could know the process of his feeling, during his time of isolation in Arabia. "When it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the heathen ; immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood ; neither went I up to Jerusalem to them which were apostles before me, but I went into Arabia." After that wondrous conversion of his, and he being the man he was, what was it which went on with him and in him, during that seclusion in Arabia, before he returned again unto Damascus, whence, after three years, he went up to Jerusalem, to see Peter ? Perhaps really he never could have reduced it into words, any more than he was able to tell what it was that he saw, when he was "caught up to the third heaven." For, indeed, very often, by persons of marked experience, it has been a confession, that withinside the surface, which had been witnessed by the public, and withinside still of what they themselves could tell of, there was a dim sense of what they had been drawn through, which it was not

possible for them to explain, — as being a something concerned with powers outside of the material world, and for which, as to the effect of intercourse, the words of mortals are nothing.

And now, from this chapter what is the inference? For fairly stating it, some accompanying explanations would be necessary; but, in a general way, it may be said to be this: The Spirit of God would keep itself for recognition, as distinct as is possible, and as free as possible from confusion with the human agencies, through which it signifies itself. And, indeed, if it were manifested only through saints, it would be thought to be an attribute of human goodness; whereas, really, it is a manifestation, more or less direct, and more or less imperfect, because of human infirmities, — it is a manifestation of the Spirit of the universe, and of the God, who is that Spirit. And thus it is, — and no thanks to Jonah or any man of his kind, — thus it is, that the Spirit of God, for its purposes, can make use of an unwilling man, and an unmerciful man, like the Prophet Jonah.

But, indeed, any gift or grace of any magnitude, is almost instinctively held by the heart, like treasure in an earthen vessel. And with the least glimmer of insight a man of any greatness sees at once that the best part of himself is not himself at all. "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels." These words of St. Paul, as to his experience, have been repeated age after age, by the greatest men, sometimes in triumph, and sometimes in tears, by scholars as to their faculty, by poets as to their genius, and by every saint as to his holiness. Those words of Paul are what John would have joined in, and what Peter would have affirmed; they are what David would have gloried in for singing like a psalm, and of all "holy apostles and prophets;" they are the solemn testimony to the world, and before Heaven, — "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us."

"Is not life useful if it is happy?" says the selfish man. The good man says, "Is it not happy enough if it is useful?"

THE LOVED AND LOST.

The following poem, from the "Church of England Magazine," will come like a "song in the night" to many a stricken heart.

"THE loved and lost!" Why do we call them lost?

Because we miss them from our outward road:
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed,
Looked on us all, and, loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost: they are within the door
That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing,—
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God himself their Lord, their Judge, and King.

And this we call a loss! O selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! O we of little faith!
Let us look round, some argument to borrow,
Why we in patience should await the morrow
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Ay, look upon this dreary, desert path,
The thorns and thistles wheresoe'er we turn;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife, the journey hath!
They have escaped from these; and, lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
Who, with his treasure, strove the shore to reach,
While with the raging waves he battled on,
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,
To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well,
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell,—

When, lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain,
Then, pitying, spake: "Give me the little lad;
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad,
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer, selfishly and wrong,
"Nay, but the woes I feel he too must share"?
Or rather, bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise. Death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust:
No outward sigh or sound our ears can reach;
But there's an inward, spiritual speech,
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down;
Take up the song where they broke off the strains,—
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

SUCH are the benefits which accrue to us from the knowledge of the word of God, that nothing derived from any other kind of knowledge can compensate for its absence. Political knowledge, carried to excess, makes men proud, bitter, and contentious. Poetical knowledge, carried to excess, disposeth men to be contemptuous of the wise and prosaic ordinances of customary life. Practical knowledge of affairs makes men worldly and artful. Knowledge of the Scriptures is the only wisdom which shall elevate a man's conceptions, while it purifies his principles and sweetens his temper, and makes his conduct bountiful and kind to all around. No matter what be your condition, you shall find direction how to dignify and adorn it, and make it large enough, for the sanctification of your spirit for heaven. — EDWARD IRVING.

A CURIOUS MANUSCRIPT.

[CONTINUED.]

I now drew nigh to a house which bespoke the wealth and taste of the owner. Squire Moulton lived there. His family among the top-nots of the town; as opulent and consequential with his ten thousand, as few are with their tens of thousands. His children had attended celebrated schools abroad, and received their polishing in large towns and cities. They welcomed me politely, urbanely; and I was conducted into a parlor, large, elegant, with sofa, mirrors, piano, and centre-table, the newest-fashioned lamp upon it. Around it were annuals, souvenirs, the latest novel, the new poem, botany, phrenology, animal magnetism, together with Kant and Carlyle, — and all this in a rural district!

Mr. — for Squire is a longer word to write, and the title is not worth so much now as it has been — Mr. Moulton and I soon became loquacious. He was a stirring, business man, had been everywhere, and seen everybody, and could talk about everything. So we had much to say of Cambridge, of the colleges, the professors, the Divinity School; then of Boston, then of railroads, which furnished us with a convenient vehicle for bringing us back to Burnsburg. Then Mrs. Moulton and I had a similar chase; and, when she and her squire had withdrawn, the three young ladies commenced, and I gave my judgment on all the poets, novelists, and journalists of the day; though I was mostly acquainted with them by proxy: but I had gathered my impressions not from enemies, but from friends. I told them I used to read such books once; but that I now reviewed the time thus spent, with regret. I added that I was now acquainted with books eloquent in diction, rich in thought, and suited at once to enlighten my mind and purify my heart, — books which told me of the human relations and their consequent duties; which disclosed human wants, awakened the deepest sympathies

with mankind ; books which pointed out the way to be happy ; which taught me to do good to my fellow-men, and helped me to fix my thoughts on God and eternity. They listened to this declaration with countenances indicating a mixture of surprise, contempt, and reverence. They turned the conversation to phrenology. Spurzheim and Combe were on the table, with heads and charts. I told them that phrenology, as a science, I was quite skeptical about ; and, considered as an art, it had probably done more injury than good, tempting its admirers to spend that time on the head which should be devoted to the heart. "And what do you think of transcendentalism, Mr. Womdrell ?" they said, changing the topic of discourse. "I beg the privilege of Yankeeism," I replied, "and will put a question to you for an answer. Can you understand it ? Do you know precisely what it is, and what it is not ? and will you inform me what it is ?" They answered they could not ; although they liked to read Kant and Carlyle. I told them I had read "Sartor Resartus" more than once ; that I read him with pain and disgust ; that, if I did understand his sentiments, I loathed and abhorred them ; and that, if I did not, I abominated the obscurity of his work. Pliny, Seneca, and Marcus Antoninus seem to me far above him as moralists and philosophers. The ladies grew more serious, or more perplexed. "Are you fond of music ?" I replied that I was. And so one after another sat and played, — marches, hornpipes, waltzes, and popular songs, — which were sung as well as they deserved to be. They performed well. But it was all secular music. It carried our thoughts to the ball-room, the circus, the theatre, and the battle-field, and breathed forth worldly passions. Gracefully they played and sang. Their lily fingers ran over those ivory keys as though they were born to be musicians. I asked for several sacred pieces ; but they knew none of them, and among all that pile of music-books no one of Christian psalmody was to be found.

From the piano we repaired to the tea-table, splendidly laid and furnished ; but the supper was without a grace, luxurious as it was. We had but just returned to the parlor, when

Marcia Humphrey came in. Her father lived only a few rods distant; and he was one of the better sort, so Marcia was introduced to me. She had come to request a call at their house before I left the neighborhood. She could play; and they invited her to sit at the piano, and favor us with a few tunes. She modestly complied. But Marcia Humphrey was a pious girl; and, though she had begun with marches and waltzes, she could now abandon them for the songs of Zion. There was nothing gaudy in her dress. Her deportment was easy and genteel; but no affectation nor display. Her fingers touched those keys, and her voice accompanied their tones; and the hymn was full of melody and devotion. She looked like an angel. It was charming to see her; it was ecstasy to hear her. I supposed that she was not equal to the Misses Moulton in musical skill and attainments; she would not be considered so by the fashionables: but there was a simplicity, an easiness, an earnestness, a something of style and manner, which captivated me. I could not conceal my emotions of pleasure and applause; and it was evident to the Misses Moulton that I awarded the palm of victory to Marcia, as in fact I did. I imagined that the instrument itself was glad to be employed by sacred hands, and for holy uses. But, after the third spiritual song, she arose and withdrew; and we discussed her performance. I summoned all my courage, and mingled it with gravity and affection, and thus freely expressed to them my thoughts. Perhaps the reader will call me impertinent and puritanical; but he must recollect what my business was there, and perhaps on his dying bed he will think differently of it, if he thinks of it all. If he reads the gospel as he should, he will find that I was not without an exemplar.

Looking them earnestly and kindly in the face, I said:—

“My dear friends, you must have observed that I listened to Marcia’s performance with a deeper interest than to yours, and relished it better. And can you wonder at it, even though her talents may be inferior to yours? Notwithstanding all your skill, she had wholly the advantage of you, in her attempt to gratify me. Hers were hallowed airs, and the

hymns recognized sublime truths and sentiments ; and she sang and played in such a manner as to force the conviction that hers was a mind that entertained those truths, and hers a heart inspired with those sentiments. You tell me that you are not professors of religion. When you have felt the worth of your own souls, and the importance of religion as the appointed means of salvation ; when you have taken your cross, and Christ is precious to you, — you can then, and not till then, do wonders with that beautiful instrument, and with your more lovely voices, which you never can do without a lively faith and a fervent piety. You may think me bold and rude in thus addressing you ; but you will remember my profession, and my errand to this town. But, without such references, I feel a desire to be friendly to you, as you have been hospitable to me. I wish your happiness, and I know nothing that will secure it but a holy and Christian life.

“ You may not have expected such an appeal from a Unitarian. You may have listened to the reports of others opposed to our religious views, and imbibed the impression that we insist on nothing save some outward marks of virtue and piety ; whereas we would have you be as pious as Hannah Moore, Hannah Adams, Mrs. Barbauld, Jane Taylor, or as any female of any sect who was distinguished for her piety. We reject some Calvinistic opinions, because we think them unscriptural ; but we mean not to reject the gospel, nor to underrate those virtues and graces which it exhibits by precept and example, and enforces by the highest motives. Let me entreat you to become followers of Jesus. Humbling is the thought — a fact — that any one should need entreaty in regard to such a duty ; and still more humbling is the thought that persons like you should need it.”

They sat silent and attentive ; and, as I parted from them, I fancied they loved and respected me more for this admonition. However that may be, I felt relieved by the consciousness of having discharged my duty.

The sun had now disappeared ; and I went over to Mr. Humphreys'. Marcia was at the door to receive and introduce me. The toils of the day were ended ; and that family

was together, a large and goodly family, a religious family. They were in prosperous circumstances, and happy, save that they had one child who had become almost an idiot by fits. But they were not ashamed of her ; and there she sat in the room with us. Once she was the most sprightly and interesting ; but her present appearance gave no intimation of what she had been.

We conversed some time on practical and experimental religion ; and our views seemed to harmonize. "There were many things in your discourses of last Sabbath," said Mr. H., "which I liked, and made me think that either you had formerly been Orthodox, or that you would eventually become so. I was not prepared to expect such sermons from a Unitarian. What you said about the future condition of children, I don't object to ; although the Calvinists once owned a different doctrine : yet I believe most of them have renounced it ; I am certain that I have. But then you seemed to attach too little importance to any Orthodox creed, and you reject the doctrines of the Trinity. This I inferred from the ending of your prayers, and from the doxologies you read ; and, besides, you confessed it openly. How far your views differ from mine, I am unable to tell. It is said that you deny the Saviour ; that you consider him as a mere man ; and that you make no account of regeneration. From what I have heard from your own lips, I cannot credit these reports ; yet I cannot understand how it is that you are not a Trinitarian, since you deny not the Saviour."

I thanked him for his frankness ; but observed that it was too late to give these topics a fair discussion then ; that, if agreeable to him, I would call again ; and, in the mean time, I would lend him Henry Ware's "Sermons on the Character and Offices of Christ." He requested me to pray with them before I departed. Bishop Horn's evening hymn was read ; Marcia seated herself at the piano, and many voices joined in singing those sweet words ; and then we all knelt down in prayer. He insisted on carrying me to my lodgings ; and I retired to rest that night, hoping I had done something for the cause of Christ.

Wednesday, —.

It was rainy, and I did not go out. To-day I had more conversation with Mr. McBird's family than in all the preceding. They said nothing about their peculiar doctrines to me, nor I to them. They had a prompt, still a gentle way of doing everything; and, every time they came into my presence, I discovered some new reason for loving them. They, from the first, treated me with much respect; and though they became more affectionate and free, yet they diminished naught of their civilities and attentions. None of them had had uncommon advantages, but they had successfully employed such as were common. I put books into their hands; and many hours we spent there in reading together. I felt no concern about their Universalism: my main object was, by reading, reflection, and prayer, to keep them interested in the subject of religion; and, if I might only lead them to Christ, I was willing to trust them with the Bible, and to let them frame their own creed.

Thursday, —.

A LOWERY morning, and I still kept in, and several called to see me. With all of them I tried to give the conversation a religious turn. With some I succeeded, and with others I could not. There are many men who show a dreadful unwillingness to say a word about religion as what concerns themselves. In my walks here, every one I met with was forward and free to speak of religion in some form and connection or other. The dissensions of the day, the bigotry of one denomination, the enthusiasm of another, the heretical opinions of this sect, the lax morals and piety of that, the state and prospects of their own parish,—such things they were ready to converse about. But when I endeavored to speak of religion as a practical and personal concern, to bring it home to their own hearts and consciences, their tongues were paralyzed, and their lips sealed. It is shocking to see how many men are stupid and heedless about their souls. And why is this, if men come into the world pure? The doctrine of total depravity makes it all plain. But how can we account for it without admitting the truth of that doctrine? Why, thus:

Man may become depraved, though he was not originally so. Adam and Eve, after their transgression, sought to hide themselves from the presence of God. Comparatively few of the human race have had a strictly virtuous and religious education.

The afternoon was fair; and I walked out. In the first house I called at, I found a young mother with three or four children, — everything up in arms within; the children dirty and ragged, and so noisy that I could say but little. One turned my cane into a horse, another got my hat, and a third attacked my person in various ways. The mother attempted more than once to restore order, but in vain. She looked perplexed and discouraged. I learned afterwards that her husband was intemperate.

I walked on, and stopped at the next house. It was small, and miserably it looked within and without. The husband, wife, son, and daughter (both grown up), were all at home. The wife a Calvinist, the husband a Unitarian, the son a Universalist, and the daughter a Baptist! But there was little of the spirit of Christ manifested by any of them. Poverty, idleness, negligence, intemperance, and religious discord were all exhibited beneath that humble roof. I had not set half an hour before I found out all this, for they were bold and communicative. As the father claimed to belong to my denomination, I directed most of my speech to him. I told him I was a Unitarian, and added, that, if he had received the like precious faith, I was glad. "But I fear," said I, "my friend, that your faith is not reduced to practice. You are not a member of any church, you seldom attend public worship, and you are intemperate. Will not your example do an injury to our cause? You are one of the few representatives of our faith in this town; and, observing your conduct, what encouragement will others have to embrace our principles, or even to examine them? Will not the sober, serious, and pious shun us, or seek us out merely to convert and reform us? You are wronging your own denomination and the cause of Christ; and, not only this, you are ruining your soul." Then, addressing them collectively, "You all have dif-

ferent creeds ; but this is not the worst, — you all seem to lack the Christian dispositions. If you all honored and loved Christ as you should, you would love and honor one another. Peace be to this house !” The daughter requested me to pray with them ; and I did, after having read the thirteenth chapter of Romans.

My next call was at Mrs. Morrill's, an aged widow lady, who was taken care of by her daughter and grand-daughter. Mrs. Morrill was unable to attend church, was very deaf, and I could have but little conversation with her. Her daughter said much. She was ignorant, and very tenacious of her opinions. She affected considerable knowledge both of her own faith and of mine. She informed me that she had the creed of their church. I asked her to let me examine it. She accordingly brought it forward ; and, after I had read it, she wished to know how I liked it. I told her it contained some doctrines which I could not receive, and I pointed them out to her distinctly. She replied, that there were proof-texts to all those doctrines underneath them. I answered that there were : but still they did not prove the doctrines to my satisfaction. I felt no desire to dispute with her ; as I saw she knew nothing of the merits of the case, was firmly persuaded of the soundness of her own faith, and that mine must be wrong. I observed to her, that, if her creed was true, it was not worth while for us to contend ; that belief in her sentiments must fill some with assurance and joy, and others with grief and despair ; that, if she believed in predestination, I saw not how she could reasonably find fault with me for my faith, any more than she could for my form and features. I told her, that, if she was converted and pious, I could rejoice ; and begged her sympathies and prayers : adding that I came not to trouble her, and would not long ; that, though my notions of religion differed from hers in some mysterious points, I could still appreciate her worth, and was pleased to see her piety exhibited in her carefulness to nourish an aged mother. I hit the nail on the head. Her good feelings triumphed, and then we took tea pleasantly together ; and, before leaving them, I bent my head down to the ear of the aged, and we all united in prayer.

I repeated my visit to that house ; not with a proselytizing spirit. They were firm as a rock. I went to reciprocate good feeling, and to gratify that aged servant of God. I think I can say, I love a devout Christian of any sect ; and I can generally succeed well enough with those who have the spirit of Jesus. But the bigots of every denomination are difficult to deal with. If these pages should ever fall into the hands of the Orthodox, I hope they will understand them and me too. I have no hostile feelings towards them. I think I should be willing to receive the same treatment from them which I endeavor to show them. Though I differ from them in some articles of faith, yet I love them for Christ's sake and for their own sake, and shall rejoice in all the good they may do.

The faith of the Orthodox at the present day is subjected to peculiar trials. They wish to retain all of Calvin, of Edwards, of Hopkins ; they wish to retain Baxter and Bunyan ; they do not wish to be chargeable with departing from the faith of the pilgrims, and of the "Assembly's Catechism : " and yet it is abundantly manifest that the Orthodoxy of a great many of the Orthodox of the present day is not the Orthodoxy that prevailed two centuries or a century ago. A great many of the Calvinists now cannot endure Calvinism ; most of them would hardly submit to it. They dread the name of Unitarian or Armenian. They would be Puritans, Evangelicals, and Orthodox ; but would reject the more obnoxious part of a Puritan's creed. But they dare not expunge those articles from their creed ; and many of them dare not preach those doctrines as they used to be preached. Their position is a perplexing one. The Lord give them light and prudence and courage !

THE Christian is the only man who can, without inconsistency, love life, and desire to die ; and is not that the solution of the sovereign good which Plato sought ?

LIFE has not happiness enough to make up for the neglect of a single duty.

SKETCHES AND MEMORIES OF PALESTINE.

BY REV. JAMES DE NORMANDIE.

ON Monday morning, the 4th of March, we went out of the Damascus gate for the last time, and from every hill-top turned a long gaze backward to Jerusalem, until the descent into the valleys shut it entirely from our sight. It was pleasant to see it; it was pleasant to leave it. Its memories grow even more sacred when all its incidents are reduced to their actual measure, and the exaggerations of the imagination to the verities of history. Its chief lesson is the great idea of the Jews, still held to, that the truest glory is to be sought in the future, and not in the past.

A short ride of twelve miles brought us to our encampment at Bethel, in a large, beautiful grass-plot, soft with springs, once apparently a great reservoir, with a few houses of an Arab village on the rising ground where once was the city and sanctuary of Bethel. Here was the scene of the first controversy and separation in the patriarchal church when the two nomad sheiks, Abraham and Lot, chose of the land before them, which has been compared to the choice of Hercules in Grecian mythology. Here are still the stones of which unnumbered altars might be made, or their surrounding terraces lift themselves into a dreamy staircase reaching to the skies. Here in later days the stone-altar grew to a house of God. When the division of the twelve tribes was consummated, Bethel became the capital and sanctuary under Icroboam. Here he built a temple, and placed a golden calf, and himself burned incense at the altar. Here the prophets had a school. Here the judges held their assemblies. Here, from the hill-top, can be seen, in the distance, the valley which appeared "fertile as the garden of the Lord," or as the land of Egypt. Here Deborah was buried beneath the oak of weeping; and here, when Beth-el had been changed to Beth-aven,—the house of God to the house of idols,—was heard the cry of

the inhabitants to the hills above, "Fall on us;" and to the mountains, "Cover us."

After leaving Bethel, we come to a more fertile land, — the heat in the valley is intense, and vegetation assumes something of a tropical richness. The roadside is strewn with the anemone, iris, poppy, buttercups, and here and there a grand terebinth-tree. The hill-sides are in some places terraced to the very top; great groves of almond, fig, and olive trees are seen everywhere; villages are numerous; fields of grain, rich and waving. I could not but think, as we rode through the beautiful valley of Hawara, with its luxuriant growths of flowers and trees and grain all around us, how the sense of the Scriptures is so constantly perverted; for there were two clergymen of our party, whose chief effort seemed to be to discover the curse resting upon the land of Judea for the sins of the people. One of them remarked to me that not only was there a curse resting upon the whole earth for the fall of Adam, so that it would not produce as much as it otherwise would, but upon Judea especially; and not only would it be impossible to raise abundant crops there, but one would even be wanting in the proper disposition of faith who should attempt it. The simple fact is, that, when improved means of cultivation have been applied to the soil, no land could be found more productive than the valleys of Judea; and the barrenness and desolation, where they are not volcanic, are the result of barbarism.

One great reason why missionary work has been so unsuccessful in Palestine, is that persons who have gone there with such low, literal, and unworthy views of the Bible and of God, were found to be, not higher, but far lower than the Mussulmen.

After riding through some valleys of oppressive heat, we came to one suggestive of sweetest rest. Its shady retreats, its rills trickling like tear-drops from the dark-shadowing rocks; its caves, the lurking-places of Bedouins; its sacred memories, — make it a place for dreamiest meditation. It is supposed to have suggested the eighty-fourth psalm, the favorite hymn of the mystics and pietists and perfectionists. "How

amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts! Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee, who, passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well. They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God. A day in thy courts is better than a thousand."

At last we came to an open space, where another valley meets the one we are in at right angles. Two high peaks stand fronting each other at its entrance, and the plain made by their confluence is the parcel of ground Jacob bought; and, although the gurgling streams are near, he could not trust the strange and hostile Canaanites, and so dug a well for his own flocks. A rude heap of stones marks the spot of the well, now filled up within ten or twelve feet of the surface. There is hardly a doubt, that this is the very place commemorated by the conversation with the woman of Samaria; and reverently we sat down by it, for here was the birth-place of the absolute and everlasting religion. If I were to build a world-temple where the discords of Christendom might be stilled, it should not be at Jerusalem, with its mass of tradition, and its grand temple worship; nor at Bethlehem, with its beginning of the faith; nor at Nazareth, with its quiet and untold life; nor yet by Galilee's murmuring waves, with their story of the miracles: but at Jacob's well, still uncovered to the bending sky of love, still open for the spirit-worship, where wearied man could find the hidden spring of everlasting life, and, by the toil of duty and prophecy of love, scatter the questionings of selfishness and the shadows of mortality. Not far from the well is a white tomb, said to be Joseph's, but more probably of some Arab sheik. Soon after entering the other valley, we come to Nabulus, the ancient Shechem, and the most flourishing manufacturing place we saw in all the land; but as we passed beyond the city we met a long line of the lepers with their piercing cries and terrible deformities.

In the city of Nabulus is the Samaritan synagogue, and,

near by, their school, where a few children were gathered, and at their work. This sect is the oldest and smallest in the world, and still it keeps its religious rites as strictly as when the rival and enemy of the Jews. There are but one hundred and forty of them in all the world, and this number varying little within the memory of man,—a part here, and a part in the neighboring town of Jenin. Their copy of the Pentateuch (a great pile of parchment, written in a small, regular hand) they claim to be more than three thousand years old, and they worship it almost as Deity. One of the reasons the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans, is, that a bitter strife had been going on, for more than five hundred years before Christ, about this very book,—the Jews claiming the truest and oldest copy, and each accusing the other of falsifying the texts about Ebal and Gerizim. The other reason was this: The Samaritans, being directly on the great caravan route from Damascus to Egypt, had more dealings with the Egyptians and Assyrians and Syrians; and the Jews, who had already developed an intense national feeling, and refused all intercourse with foreign tribes, suspected the Samaritans, not only of adopting some idolatrous rites, but also of becoming a more mixed race than themselves, and so refused to accept their assistance in rebuilding the Temple at Jerusalem: whereupon they built their altar on Gerizim, and held it as sacred as Zion; and the bitterness grew to a proverb, "A bit of the Samaritan's bread is swine's flesh."

Above the town of Nablus rises the beautiful hill Gerizim, with noisy brooks around its base, and olive and fig groves far up its slope. A long and rather fatiguing walk brings one to the place where the Samaritans celebrate their Paschal feast, in its main features, as it was done five thousand years ago, the only Jewish sacrifice still lingering in the world. Not far from the brow of the hill is a platform where the service takes place. The whole sect comes to the spot, and encamps in tents; the women shut up from sight, the men standing around upon the rocks in the old sacred costume. Some of the elders are clothed in long white robes. Six youths, who are to perform the sacrificial part, have a

peculiar costume. Six sheep play around among the worshippers. As the sun goes down, the worship draws to its culmination, and the chanting and prayers and gestures and prostrations become more vehement. The law says in the account of the Paschal sacrifice, "The whole assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill it in the evening;" and so, just as the sun sinks to the horizon, the sheep, which have gradually been driven nearer together, are suddenly thrown on their backs, and the knives flash in the hands of the six youths, and the six offerings are lifeless on the ground. Dipping their fingers in the blood of the victims, the young men touch the foreheads and noses of all the children; and all kiss each other, after the Oriental fashion, on each side of the head. In a hole lined with stones, a short distance from where the animals were slaughtered, they are boiled in great cauldrons, and afterwards roasted; the congregation standing round, and eating bitter herbs and unleavened bread. At midnight, when the Paschal moon is high and bright, the covering of the hole is taken off, and a great cloud of steam and smoke rises to the skies, and the feast begins. With their loins girded, their shoes on their feet, and their staff in their hands, according to the commandment of the law, they eat in great haste; and the remnants are gathered into another hole, and burned. In the morning they go down the mountain, and resume their occupations in the town. (See Stanley's Sermons in the East, p. 177.) We could see the ashes of the last sacrifice.

Opposite Gerizim is Ebal; and, when the ark was set up in the middle of the valley, half of all Israel stood over against Ebal, and half over against Gerizim, — six tribes on Ebal to utter the curses, and six on Gerizim to utter the blessings, while all the people said Amen, — and religion's first responsive service began.

On the top of Gerizim are the ruins of the old Temple, where the sacrifices were once performed, and from there a lovely view is given to the traveler, — valleys, hills, springs, groves; but ever the eye turns to that little mound where once was the sacred well. Along the valley, which one must needs go, because it is the high road from Judea into Galilee,

we see a weary traveler, coming with tired step, and sitting by the well-side, and longing for its cooling waters. His followers have all gone up the other valley to the city to buy them some provisions. A woman, with her water-jar on her head, comes to the well to draw. The tired traveler asks for a drink. The Samaritan woman speaks of the national prejudices. The tired traveler, who saw a spiritual meaning in everything, speaks of the gift of God, and the living-water. The woman refers to their patriarchal glory. The traveler hints of an everlasting well. The woman speaks of their sacred mountain. The traveler looks up to Gerizim, and Gerizim and Zion are of equal holiness, and of equal insignificance before the God who asks for and accepts the worship which is in spirit and in truth, — anywhere, so it be in spirit; anyhow, so it be in truth.

One can hardly avoid the thought, as he stands by the well-side in Samaria, and thinks of the temples and orgies which profane almost every one of the sacred places, and sees this one left desolate, but holy among its ruins, that some time a more Christian worship may appear on that very spot.

About six miles north of Jacob's well, we reach a large basin, surrounded by hills, one of the striking features of Palestinian landscape. In the centre of this basin, rises another hill, with steep sides, and a long, almost flat top. Here once was Samaria, the capital of the ten tribes after the separation. Here Herod established a royal city, and built a magnificent temple. As we drew near, the great monolith columns, half imbedded in the earth, some erect, some leaning, some entirely fallen, looked more like the trunks of pine-trees, and seemed the literal fulfillment of the prophecy (although it did not relate to the present destruction), "I will make Samaria as an heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard, and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof." Here, too, had been a famous temple of Baal, where the Eastern idolatry reached the height of its glory. Here is a church where tradition buries John the Baptist. Here, too, was the scene of the chief works of Simon the Magician, who, with

Appollonius of Tyana, were regarded by large bodies of followers as the true, while Jesus was rejected as the false Christ. Simon was born near Samaria, educated at Alexandria, and baptized by Philip when he was making many converts to Christianity in the region of Samaria.

Seeing the Christian disciples practice the imposition of hands, and attributing to it the source of their power, Simon desired to purchase the power as another help in his practice of the magical art: hence we have the term "Simony," to express an unworthy and unconsecrated use of divine power, a trafficking in spiritual things. Simon Magus had great influence in his day among all classes, and at Rome was deified, or a statue erected in his honor. There is also a tradition, that, at his own request, he was buried alive, in the assurance of rising again on the third day.

The plain of Eidraelon is a magnificent fertile valley extending entirely across Central Palestine from the Mediterranean to the Jordan. On the west it is drained by the Kishon; on the east it spreads out towards the Jordan in three valleys, separated by Mount Gilboa and the Little Hermon range. The northern of these three branches of the plain has Mount Tabor on one side, and Little Hermon on the other. It was here that Barak defiled with his army of ten thousand, to meet Sisera on the plain. At the base of Little Hermon are the towns Nain and Endor. Nain is one of the few places of Scripture interest about whose locality there has been no dispute. Not far from Nain was Jezreel, "where Ahab built a palace for his sun-worshiping queen, from a window of which she asked Jehu the fatal question, "Had Zimri peace who slew his master?" It has been well observed that the spirit of the Old and New Testament is strikingly contrasted by the incidents commemorated at Nain and Jezreel. To the latter Jehu came at the call of Elisha, and was met by the son of the widowed Jezebel as he was approaching her palace. He shot the prince through the heart, and then, advancing, instead of attempting to console the widowed and mourning mother, he commanded her murder, by a cruel and contemptuous death. This was the spirit of the teaching of the

prophet Elisha. But in the New-Testament era, at Nain, not far from Jezreel, we meet with an incident far different in the spirit of its actors. As Jesus was making one of his pilgrimages of mercy, walking from Nazareth, he comes to the gate of Nain, and meets a widowed mother, following the bier of her only son, and the funeral procession. He does not add to the grief, but draws near to comfort. He does not slay, but makes alive. (See Martineau, p., 526, 7.)

Endor was the place where lived the woman with the familiar spirit, to whom Saul came, in his anxiety, to learn his fate by the acts of divination which in his prosperity he had made punishable by death. So are we often brought to avail ourselves of means and persons we are sometimes tempted to despise. At Endor also, after the great overthrow of the forces of Sisera on the plain, the two chiefs were destroyed. The southern of these three branches south of Mount Gilboa is celebrated for the flight of Ahaziah from Jehu. The central branch between Gilboa and Hermon is the widest, richest, and most cultivated, and reaches to the Jordan. Here Gideon triumphed, and Saul and Jonathan were overthrown. The entire plain is one of surpassing richness, and yet, if one may so speak, of fertile desolation; for it is almost entirely uninhabited, only a very small part, poorly cultivated, a vast prairie plain of wild growth, scoured by the Bedouin. Over this plain came Joshua leading his tribes across the Jordan into the promised land. Here Barak and Sisera had their fierce battle, and here Sisera fled after his defeat to the tent of Joel, who invited him to her tent, received him with Eastern hospitality, and then, when he was asleep, took one of the great wooden pins which fastened down the cords of the tent, and the mallet used to drive it in the ground, and with one blow dashed it through his temples deep into the earth. Is it strange that irreligion or low and dreadful views of God abound when almost the whole theological world to-day look upon this as an act inspired and sanctioned by God? Just as if a Providence or a God who needed to descend to such meanness, to carry out his purposes, must not be very finite instead of infinite, very material and human instead of a

spirit! Here passed and repassed Elijah on his way to and from Mount Carmel. Here the Egyptians destroyed Josiah. Here passed and repassed Jesus from Nazareth to Jerusalem. Here Naaman came on his way to the prophet at Carmel. By reason of the number of battles on this plain, Eidraelon, in the vision of Revelations, is to John the scene of the final conflict of the hosts of good and evil at Armageddon, when the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air, and there came a great voice out of the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying, "It is done."

On the west, where the ancient river Kishon, so fatal to the army of Sisera, meets the sea like a great, evenly built fortress, rises out of the waves, as it were, the ridge of Carmel, or the Park, because its sides were, as they are still, well-wooded. Even before the time of Pythagoras, Carmel had a reputation for sanctity; and that philosopher, and afterwards Vespasian, came to consult the oracles of the gods. Hither came, unto the man of God at Mount Carmel, the Shunamite woman whose child Elisha healed. Here was the home of Elijah, called the "grandest and most romantic character that Israel ever produced." Here is laid the scene of that conflict between Judaism and Idolatry, when the prophet, with his wild shaggy hair and sheep-skin cloak, or famous mantle, and one attendant, confronts the eight hundred and fifty prophets of Baal, who are all slain.

The Carmelite White Friars derive their name from Mount Carmel. One meets them frequently on the continent with their white mantles over a dark-brown tunic, and they claim the prophet Elijah as their patriarch and founder.

Encamped on the northern border of the plain, as we sat at our tent-door, the view was full of interest. The very air was dreamy,—the Arabs constantly passing, the droves of black goats and white sheep, the horses and mules grazing on the plain, the Russian pilgrims resting on their journey, the Mussulmen at their prayers and prostrations by the neighboring fountain, the village hard by with its palm-trees, and the white dome of its mosque; and the chanting cry of the muezzin from the minaret, not without its suggestion of devotion and God.

We were obliged to gallop over the plain, to escape attacks from the ever-watchful Bedouins, and soon after beginning the ascent on the northern side we came in sight of Nazareth. I think there was no place within the limits of the land called holy I had so longed to see; and as I thought of it then when we were encamped not far from the spring of Annunciation, and as I think of it now, there is no place in Judea, or Galilee, more satisfying, more rewarding, more fragrant with peaceful thoughts of the child growing in grace and strength, and in favor with God and man, than Nazareth. In the freshness and beauty of its scenery, in the wealth and sacredness of its memories, it is beyond Jerusalem or Bethlehem. Like so many other towns in Judea and Galilee, it is on the slope of a hill; while from the basin at its foot, whence issues the spring of Annunciation, fourteen other hills rise like the points of a coronet. "Nazareth," says one of the earliest descriptions, "is a rose, and, like a rose, has the same rounded form inclosed by mountains, as the flower by its leaves." As we passed through the village, we met a long line of women going and returning from the spring; and so a constant throng has come and gone, since Mary, with the great earthen water-jar sidewise on her head, waited her turn to fill it from the flowing stream. We saw at Nazareth, for the first time, the two women grinding at a mill. They were seated on the clay floor, and between them the mill; and by the side of one a pan of wheat from which she took handful after handful, and laid upon the stone. The upper mill-stone rested upon the larger one, or rather was fitted into it, and kept in its place by a rim, through which the coarse meal slowly pushed itself, as the two women, by means of a stick or handle, turned around the upper stone.

In Nazareth there are Greek and Latin convents, and pilgrims are also shown the work-shop of Joseph, and a stone-table at which Jesus and his disciples used to eat, and the synagogue where he "stood up to read," and the rock of precipitation where they took him to cast him down; but all these are uncertain and suppositious.

Of more interest are the hills themselves, covered with

flowers even before the winter rains are entirely over. From the one, rising back of the village, the eye takes in more of the historical scenes of Scripture than from any other spot, — the ridges of Lebanon, and Hermon, not with its dews, but snow-crowned; the long ridge of Carmel; the distant flashes from the Mediterranean waves; the solitary peak of Tabor; the plain of Eidraelon; the towns of Endor, Nain, and Cana; and, in the little hill-encircled basin, the cradle of the kingdom of God. I think these thirty years in the life of Jesus are of deepest interest, because they are the source and spring of the few years of activity. "Upon this summit of the mountain of Nazareth," says Renan, "where no modern man can sit without an anxious feeling, perhaps frivolous in regard to his future, Jesus sat twenty times without a doubt. Free from selfishness, the source of our sorrows which make us seek greedily an interest beyond the tomb for virtue, he thought only of his work, his race, humanity. To him these mountains, this sea, this azure sky, these high plains in the horizon, were not the melancholy vision of a soul questioning nature as to its fate; but the sure symbol, the transparent shadow, of an invisible world and a new heaven."

IN THE TWILIGHT.

The following lines were found in the prayer-book of a young gentleman who died recently in New Orleans. He was a resident of New York City, and, leaving home on a trip of pleasure and recreation, went to Havana, where he contracted the disease of which he died a few days after his arrival in New Orleans.

THE day is done :

Soft as a dream the sunset fades and dies,
And silent stars amid the dusky skies
Shine one by one.

The shadows wait,
And, climbing upward over spires and towers,
Seem drawing softly this dull earth of ours
To heaven's gate.

We wait the night
 With no vain thought of darkness or of dread ;
 But dreams of peace for weary heart and head,
 And slumbers light.

We wait, nor fear
 The few short hours of silence and of gloom
 Before the eastern hills shall blush with bloom,
 And morn be near.

* * * * *

My God ! my all !
 When the dim hour grows near us by thy grace
 To meet thy white death-angel face to face,
 And hear thy call ;

When life lies low,
 A gasping shadow by the altar stairs
 That leadeth up from darkness unawares
 To heaven's glow, —

Then let us wait
 In faith and trust with prayers and blessings fond,
 All mindful of the morning light beyond,
 Before the gate.

Not sore distressed ;
 But, calmly folding life's dull garb away,
 Lie down in peace to wait the coming day,
 And find our rest.

God requires that we should work out our own salvation. He saves us by showing us how to save ourselves. It is true that salvation depends on his grace, but his grace is proportioned to our efforts.

EVERY chain wearies us ; and, if we try to shake it off, it galls us. God has doubtless permitted this, in order that only one burden should be light and one yoke easy.

JEAN BAPTISTE MARIE VIANNEY, THE CURÉ D'ARS.

HE was born May 8, 1786, into the Roman Catholic Church, which the faith and love of most devout parents made altogether a reality to him. At eighteen months old, his little hands in his mother's hand, he repeats after her bits of the prayers of their Church ; a little later, he worships the image of the Virgin, given him as a plaything ; and, at four years, steals away to pray. The Revolution closes the churches, and overturns the altars ; but the old faith lives on in many a quiet corner and many a secret heart, and Vianney receives his first communion in a stable, which was converted for the time into a chapel, whilst carts of hay stood at the door to keep off intruders. His youth was marked by obedience and purity, and by a singular confidence in the efficacy of prayer even when directed to the attainment of outward things, as, for example, the strength which he needed, and, as we are told, received, to keep up with his stronger brother in the work of the vineyard. Almost as soon as it seemed possible for France to have a Church again, Vianney began his studies for the priesthood ; and although he was a singularly and almost hopelessly dull student, with the grace obtained by St. Francois Régis, his capacity proves equal to his tasks, though presently we find that he was enabled, only through exceeding leniency on the part of the questioners, to pass the necessary examinations.

Drafted under a misapprehension, he is hurried off to the wars ; but a messenger, who seems to have been a veritable *angelus*, contrives to lead him aside into a place of safety, by a way which, we are very sure, the carnal mind would regard as a little slippery, and which certainly would not have stood the novice in stead before a drum-head court-martial : nevertheless, it takes him out of the reach of army fever and English bullets, and wins for him the hearts of the village which was favored as his retreat. In 1815, he was consecrated priest

in the cathedral church of Grenoble, by the hands of Bishop Simon. In 1818, Vianney was appointed the Curé of Ars, a little village of the department of Trevoux, having already served for a short time as a vicar in another parish. It was a very discouraging piece of labor, and there was little promise of help from the world around. Sunday seems to have been given up to dancing, whilst other days were filled up with not a little tavern haunting. But a true priest had come at last, a man of fasting and prayer, who ate next to nothing, prayed always, would have no bed to sleep on, and for his pillow only a stone. He was intellectually dull, very narrow, we suppose we must add, unless it be very narrow in us to write so, with never in all his life a thought that warred against his faith: but he was dead in earnest, altogether consumed with zeal for his Lord; and the Lord took him into his own keeping, and the work which came out into the light of this nineteenth century, as described in the memoir from which we gather these particulars, carries us back to the days of intensest missionary activity. He reformed the village; not only taught the people to say their prayers, and to love to say them, but, what is far more difficult, to live pure lives. He succeeded in doing what as yet we have failed to do here in New England, whether by prohibitory law or by license law,—he shut up the drinking-shops, and established comfortable taverns in their stead, and in many ways raised the tone of rustic village society. Without purse or scrip, he succeeded in establishing an institution for the training of the children of the hamlet, especially the children of the poor,—an institution fitly called a "Providence," sustained, as we shall presently see, by what its friends believed to be the direct hand of the Almighty. He was an unwearied and most competent and most acceptable confessor, not only of the villagers who thronged his church, but of numberless strangers who came from all the country round about and from distant cities, attracted by his great fame as a saint. How he could ever have performed the work which is described in the story of his life we cannot understand, unless in the faith that the spirit creates the body, not the body the

spirit; for he caught up his morsel in passing, and his sleep might almost have been measured by moments rather than by hours. He had boundless faith in asceticism, and that the power of the inner man is increased in exact proportion as the power of the outer man is diminished. His was the very opposite of muscular Christianity, unless there be thews and sinews of the being within us.

Now all this, substituting Protestantism for Catholicism, might have been set down of some Oberlin or Fliedner; but what we commonly call wonderful is yet to come. If the book which is my authority can be relied upon, the age of miracles has not passed: on the contrary, philosophic France was living, a few years ago, in the very midst of signs and wonders wrought in apparent simplicity and almost childlike unconsciousness by this humble curé. We vouch for nothing. We scarcely know what to make of the stories. We should pay little attention to them were it not for the abundant evidence of the man's entire absorption in his work, and singular religiousness. We are tempted to ask, May it not be that Mons. le Curé was sent forth as an offset to M. Renan? And yet our Protestantism and our supposed pureness of dogmatic belief suggests, Would the miracle-worker have been set forth as a Roman Catholic to strengthen in the minds of men a form of Christianity which we believe to be passing away? Believe who will, disbelieve who will, explain who can, this memoir is as full of miracles as any mediæval legend; and, what is worth noticing, the wonders are not all cures wrought upon the body, in the number of which, it must be confessed, the good curé would have found a formidable rivalry in not a few irregular practitioners,—only, in the case of the specifics and panaceas, the doctors cure, and the ministers furnish the certificates; whilst here the priest heals, and the doctors and apothecaries testify. Let us read what the biographer has set down about "the basket and store," and the way in which they were supplied. The facts, as recorded, are these: One day the matrons found their store of flour very nearly exhausted, and their provision of bread entirely so. There being no baker in the village, the superior of the house,

Benoite Lardet, was utterly at a loss what steps to take. One of the directresses proposed to her companion, Jeanne-Marie Chaney, to bake the little flour that remained. "I have thought of that," was the reply; "but we must first ask the advice of the curé." Jeanne-Marie went accordingly, and confided her embarrassment to the holy priest. "Sir," said she, "the miller has not sent us our flour, and we have only enough to make two loaves at the most."—"Put some leaven into what flour you have," replied M. Vianney, "close your kneading-trough, and to-morrow act as if nothing were amiss." This advice was taken, and precisely carried out. "I do not know how it happened," said Jeanne-Marie Chaney, "but certain it is, that, in proportion as I kneaded the dough, it rose up under my hand. I poured in water: the more I added, the more the dough swelled and thickened, so that in a few minutes the kneading-trough was filled up to the brim. We made, as usual, an oven full of great loaves, weighing from twenty to five and twenty pounds each. It was as if, instead of a handful of flour, we had had a sack." This history has been related in all its details by Jeanne-Marie Chaney, by Catherine Lassagne, and Jeanne and Marie Filliat. With respect to its miraculous nature, these simple-minded and devoted women never entertained the shadow of a doubt. "Oh, how happy were we to eat that bread!" said they. The curé visits the granary at another time, upon the report of its being empty, and when there was no money to buy withal: but, lo! after he has slowly ascended the steps, and opened the door with a vague feeling of mingled hope and fear, the granary was full; and the priest hastens back to proclaim a miracle, saying that "the good God had punished him well for his distrust, and for having thought to send his children away." The mayor of the village comes with a numerous company of the chief men of the neighborhood, to see the miraculous corn, of which the miller testifies, as he fills his sacks with it, and bears it off to the mill, that he had never handled such beautiful wheat. Wine, too, flows into their casks, which, like that at the marriage feast in Cana, was found to be of an excellent quality, better than that which

they were accustomed to drink. Money moreover was found in the treasury which the priest did not put there, and was brought to the curators sometimes by one and another, who came and went, and left no sign.

It is affirmed that Vianney tried to hide his gifts of healing, did not wish to be approached as a physician of the body, choosing rather to spend all his strength in the care and cure of souls; but he could not be hidden. A child, whose head had been badly hurt, is treated with a cap which had long been worn by the priest; and when, at night, the mother addressed herself to bathing the wound, not a trace of it remained. A physician testifies thus concerning one of his patients for whom his own prescriptions had been unavailing:—

"Incompetent to resolve this question, I confine myself to the simple statement of the inexplicable change which has taken place in Mademoiselle Zoe Prudelle.

"BECKET, Doctor of Medicine.

"AVIGNON, Sept. 7, 1858."

Thousands of patients, from the most distant countries, congregated around the curé. He prayed, counselled, gave his audience, but made no promises. Once he said in answer to importunities, "It is a cross well placed."—"But she suffers so severely! is there no alleviation to be hoped for?" "Yes, my friend, in heaven."—"He has no need of his legs," said he of one cripple, "to go to heaven." He was not always successful.

If the angels came to minister to Vianney, so the fiends came to plague him. The story of his life abounds in recitals of his annoyances in this wise, even to the burning of the very bed under him. Indeed we wonder, as we read, how he ever came out of it all a sane man, and we do not wonder that he fell short of the threescore and ten years which make up on the ordinary span. These visitations from the underworld continued to the end of his days. The testimony of others, who were ready to say that much mortification had made him mad, would seem to show that external or objective realities of some sort answered to the impressions upon his own brain.

The preaching of Vianney is described as impressive in the very highest degree. It must have been because of the spirit, and the tone and the character that lay behind the words ; for the specimens of thought and language which his biographer has set down are of a very ordinary type, little beyond, save in here and there a single sentence, the commonplaces of the modern Catholic pulpit, sounding no depths, soaring to no high places of thought or of duty : but we are told that the church was crowded beyond endurance by eager listeners, and that Vianney had used the utmost diligence to improve himself in the preacher's office, which he greatly magnified. Eighty thousand persons in the course of a year flocked to this humble village to hear, see, touch, and be touched by, the saint.

Was Vianney elated or even encouraged by all this ? On the contrary, he was afflicted, during most of his ministerial life, with deep despondency and self-distrust, ever striving to get away from a work to which he felt wholly unequal, and morbidly concerned, lest, having preached to others, he himself should be a castaway. His parishioners held him at times almost by main force. He was never assailed by any temptation to unbelief : his perplexities all related to his own moral and spiritual condition. He seemed almost to know what others believe, or half believe. What shall we say to these things ? Are they true ? The biographer, a lady, does not tell us whether she believes them or not. Who will go to Ars, and investigate for us ? For ourselves, we have authentic intelligence of an English clergyman who saw the woman who made the miraculous bread, having come upon her accidentally in his travels. Other than this, we have no confirmation of stories which stand in so much need of confirmation. Suppose, however, they should all be true, what then ? Would the wonder carry with it all the words of Vianney's doctrine and ministry ? Would the miracle seal anything beyond the priest's special calling, in an age of skepticism and materialism, to witness for the power of prayer, and that nature is the servant and the master of the soul, and that we may, with the help of God, use her laws, instead of being

always used by them? We cannot say. We wish only to call attention to such a strange intercalation of middle-age Christianity in a century of railroads, telegraphs, power-looms, and steam-factories. Perhaps it was time to have something different. Very genuine, at least, was the pity felt and expressed by Vianney for one and another who came to him, hoping perhaps, with Herod, to see some miracle, and ostentatiously boasting of their want of faith. "Poor men!" he would say: "how ignorant of what it is important beyond all things to know! poor men! so learned, so scientific, yet they cannot tell whether there is a God, whether he loves them, whether they are to live again."

Any reader, whose curiosity may have been aroused by these few paragraphs, can find the biography in the Boston City Library. Will "The Catholic World" tell us whether Vianney is to be canonized?

E.

HIDDEN SORROWS.—They are nearly universal under all our guises of change and occupation; and, rightly estimated, they would make every man regard every other man with more consideration and tenderness. Under the roughest and most common exterior, how do we know but they are wrestling with some hidden trial, and treading the wine-press alone. This wholesome truth is strikingly illustrated in a touching incident related in the following extract which we clip from an exchange:—

"A gentleman recently traveling from the West in a sleeping-car found in the same car with him a gentleman trying to still a crying child by carrying it to and fro, and which, by its screams, finally irritated a man in one of the berths to such a degree that he could stand it no longer, and cried out profanely, 'What — is the matter with that young one?' And soon again, 'Where is the mother of that child, that she is not here to pacify it?' At this, the poor gentleman in charge of the child stepped up to the berth, and said, 'Sir, the mother of that child is in her coffin in the baggage-car.' The gruff grumbler immediately arose, and compelled the afflicted father to retire to his berth, and from that time until morning took the little orphan under his own care."

THE PRESENT SUFFERING, AND THE GLORY TO BE REVEALED.

I do not wonder that present suffering is counted greater than any glory to come. The flesh is weak ; human strength fails ; the human heart must cry out in its agony ; even Jesus himself must pray, under the pressure of the same human burden, " If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." Because it could not and did not pass, he could utter the greater final prayer, " Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done." It was then that he saw the dawning glory, and saw how far it outshone all the former suffering. Then he could compare the two ; both were plain in sight, and were standing side by side. Then he could see the suffering dwindle, and the glory brighten ; one fading out into shadow, the other rising into strong reality. Even Jesus had this to learn by experience. It was not communicated by revelation, nor intuitively discerned ; and his way is always ours. We must learn as he did, and walk the same thorny road. We doubt not the Father's love for him, the beloved son ; though he permitted him to be reviled, spoken against, rejected, betrayed, scourged, and crucified. Shall we, in similar training and discipline, doubt God's love for us ? Shall we say that this suffering and pain and weariness and waiting does not look like a Father's care and affection, and that sorrows and tears are not signs of love ? Why does God let us weep, or withdraw his pleasant light from our path ? Why does " He set the solitary one in families," and then, after a little while, after allowing us just to taste the joy of home, leave us solitary again ? So inconsistent, unloving, seems God's dealing with us. We realize the suffering, and do not see the glory. Could we feel that when two souls are set together in a true affection, and a true home is built, there could be no solitude again, and no homeless hearts, we should see through this apparent inconsistency, and see the great love with which God orders our ways, and leads us on through trial and pain,

and separation, through all the changes of earth to the glory of heaven. And yet this very thing is true, this that we do not and can not see. Christ reveals it in his word and life. It is our confidence and support when we are going through the dark passes of life, and know not where we are going, nor how we are ever to come forth into the light again. But we do survive these trials ; our hearts, though torn, are kept whole ; we are guided, and walk more securely than while the sun of prosperity shines, and we feel sufficient and strong for any work or duty. It is true that man walks on the edge of precipices in the midst of dangers when he walks by sight alone ; and it is true that he walks in perfect safety, girt about and guided and upheld by God himself, when he walks by faith. One's own individual experience is the only argument and reason and explanation here. That answers when everything else is silent. And this is not mine or yours ; is not peculiar to one or another ; is not the result of temperament or organization ; is not the fruit of imagination more than of will. It is world-wide in the scope of its evidence, comprehending both you and me, all orders of mind and all human faculties. Thus my experience is good for you, good for many others ; yea, more, good for all the world. That I have had any peculiar help or light is not to be supposed for a moment, because it is not possible. Only what you have had or can have, and far more abundantly than has ever been mine, is that which has been vouchsafed to me. Long months, reaching almost into years, have written their history before my eyes and on my heart, of apprehension, uncertainty, fear, pain, and suffering, and, after these, mortal release and silence. To have had this history given me, and to have read it, before these months began, would have cut them short, and brought dismay and weakness, if not complete surrender and despair. But God mercifully withheld it, and I could read, day by day, but a single page. He knew that so much I could bear, not more. And now he knows that I can read it all, and not only bear it, but find strength and joy and life recorded on every leaf of trial and doubt and watching and waiting. The review is solemn, sober ; but the pain, the sorrow, and death,

are no more, — these former things are passed away. The history reads like the words of the Lord : “ When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee ; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned ; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.” This is the earthly side ; but there is another which describes the heavenly side, the ceasing from earthly suffering and fear of those that die in the Lord. “ They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, — neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.” I do not know which of these passages I believe most heartily and entirely, for I believe them both. Those long, slow months of suffering on one side, and of watching on the other, seem, in their outward, earthly aspect and termination, eventful of death ; but they are also, in a higher aspect, rich and full in experience of life. At the beginning, there seemed to be something underlying the anxiety and alarm ; and, as the decisive crisis drew nearer, that something took clearer, spiritual shape, till at last it grew into all the distinct proportions, and beamed in the great beauty and spake in the perfect confidence, of faith. When the old king looked into the fiery furnace, where he had cast the three holy men to consume them, he saw, not only them, but another walking free and unhurt with them, and his form was like that of the Son of God. There is such a presence in every fiery trial : it goes with us, keeps off the flame ; and now and evermore, as of old, the fire only burns off the fetters, leaving unhurt and burnished the shining substance of the soul. I know that it is so, and that I can never doubt it again. I know what fails, what deceives, what misleads, what perishes. I know what never fails and what never passes away, — faith in the unseen, trust in God, life in Christ. Did you ever see faith falter as the flesh grew weak, or its vision become dim as the eyes were closing forever ? That failure is yet to be witnessed and written. Saint after saint has gone to his rest, calm and strong when every human support had

lost its power to aid ; and last words, just caught in low whispers, from dying lips, have given sublime utterance of the truth and reality of the heaven fast coming into view. Last words are not words of doubt, are not feeble or faltering, but confident and serene expressions of faith.

DEXTER CLAPP.

WHITE ANGELS.

THE spirit of the snow came down
One still December night,
And wrought till morning light ;
Placed on each stately pine a crown,
Crystalline, pure, and white.

But when the banners, red and gold,
Of morning were unfurled
Above the waking world,
Each crown in all the silent wold
Was glittering, frost-impierled.

There is an angel, who, anon,
Swiftly, perhaps at night,
Will put white, glistening robes upon
Our higher being, and lead on
To dazzling realms of light.

If we but keep our spirits white,
And free from taint of guile,
Sojourning here the while,
Hereafter we shall live in light
Of the All-Father's smile.

H. L. R.

DROP the expletives from the command for the creation of light, and it may be expressed in five words : God said, Light be, and light was.

THE ENLARGING HORIZON OF FAITH.

FAITH is vital. Knowledge is formal. The elements of faith are unchanging. The contents of knowledge vary from age to age.

Faith takes its stand on a divine life, law, and purpose, which it applies to the contemporaneous ground-work of knowledge. Whatever the circle of known phenomena, narrow or extended, faith takes possession of and covers the whole. However far back into the past the origin of them may be traced, faith makes it a divine origin; whatever be the law discoverable in them, it is a divine law; however near or remote a future they may reach, the divine purpose is made to find in them its triumphant conclusion.

Faith is not dependent on the forms in which it makes its abode. They may be shattered, while it remains intact. If it has attached itself to a phenomenon falsely reported or interpreted, its truth is not therefore invalidated. It abides while the error is destroyed.

But the errors in the system of knowledge of any age have not been generally errors of fiction, but errors of limitation. They have been partial truths cut off by the horizon of the *known*, from the outside domain of the *knowable*. It needs but a history of human knowledge to verify the fact, that the generations have not maintained their intellectual activity on a succession of shifting delusions, but that the changes have been increasing encroachments of the circle of certain knowledge upon the surrounding unknown in space and time. Man has but found his world—by which he means the theatre of his observation—enlarging constantly in extent and duration.

So that, in general, wherever faith has been obliged to divorce herself from any form of knowledge in which she once expressed and limited herself, it has been but to expand her grasp, take in a wider range, and fasten her tendrils upon a larger circumference. She makes no mistake; she abates

not one jot or tittle of the substance of her teaching. Heaven and earth may pass away, but her word shall not pass away.

The mistake is with those who suppose that the teachings of faith are dependent on the system of knowledge with which they are associated for the time, and are therefore troubled by the removal of any landmarks, as if it were an undermining of the foundations. You cannot spread the domain of natural knowledge so far but that faith can embrace it, and claim possession of it all. All things that the Father hath, are mine. In whatever time or way the world was created, God created it ; however infinite its extent and complete its action, God controls it ; whatever be the method of communication, God speaks to man ; whatever the sphere of human relations, God's rule of righteousness applies to all ; and, in whatever way or time the end shall come, it shall be a vindication of that righteousness which shall endure forever.

In one sense, faith does not grow with growing knowledge. Its elements have always been the same, — God, duty, immortality. Its intensity of life may have been as great within the narrowest circle of knowledge as with the broadest. It may have been as implicit and impulsive. Its life is dependent upon conditions of its own ; and it may flourish in a man, a community, or a generation, whose knowledge of the world of truth around is at the lowest ebb.

It ceases to flourish only when it fails to widen itself, to embrace as much knowledge as exists. If it persist in limiting itself to the narrow forms of past science, and in refusing to take in the extent of known phenomena, it inevitably yields to doubt and infidelity. Our method, then, of permanent adjustment of the constant quantity of faith with the variable quantity of knowledge, is not to hold our faith divorced from knowledge, which is indeed impossible to a finite mind, but to fill all present knowledge with a lively indwelling of the principles of our faith, which shall survive when the forms shall perish, and give place to those more expanded.

To illustrate these positions, let us observe how the faith of the ages, without reference to that of individuals or commu-

nities, has survived the successive shiftings of its local habitations, in the one instance of its relation to the future.

All that is really essential and vital to faith, with reference to the future, is the immortality of the divine life, — or righteousness, — that it survives death. Whether the individual man should survive death, or only his righteousness be a perennial influence; whether a portion of the human race should be immortal by virtue of their righteousness, or all be so by the final prevalence of it in all; whether this consummation should take place in some distant heaven, or upon the earth; whether upon the earth, suddenly and miraculously transformed into heavenly conditions, or gradually wrought into the abode of righteousness, — these have all been forms of faith, successively varying with the growth of knowledge and experience.

To the early Hebrew, without any decisive belief in individual immortality, there was still the devout assurance of the perpetuity of righteousness as an object of God's favor. Righteousness shall endure forever, at least in the earthly immortality of the generations; and God's mercy shall be upon it from everlasting to everlasting. All the forms and statements into which the early Hebrew faith casts itself seem to imply a conception of immortality only as a perpetuity of the race by successive generations; and, therefore, as "the way of the wicked should perish," at last only the righteous should remain in possession of the earth. The days of the upright shall be long in the land, through their children's children.

Indeed, the same expressions, whatever added significance we shall see belonging to them, maintain their ground down to the very latest teachings of the New Testament. "The meek shall inherit the earth." — "We look for a new heaven and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

Passing from this early idea of the immortality of the righteous only in the successive generations, we come to the belief in the actual resurrection of the individual man, — the perpetuity of the personal spirit after the death of the body. This resurrection, expressed by the faith of Paul in the knowledge of his time, should take place upon the earth in that

generation, in common with the transformation of the living righteous, and their immortality should commence with the immediate destruction of mortality. In the words of Peter, "The elements shall melt with fervent heat : the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up."

By inevitable laws of nature, and developments of time, faith has been compelled to lift her wings from this cherished outward bound, and consummation of the divine purpose, and triumph of immortal righteousness, and seek that result farther on. The last day of the existing world has become postponed as indefinitely into the future, as its first day has receded into the past. Yet faith is none the less sure of the divine destiny as well as the divine origin of all.

Thus, although faith includes the same vital elements, early as late ; although its repose in the divine is as confiding, — it does necessarily grow with growing knowledge. There is an objective truth, as well as subjective. There is a reality to these acquirements of knowledge : they tell more and more of the actual universe of God ; and it must be that faith, by embracing them, will discern more and more of God himself. Man is one living whole, and the heart and the intellect must grow with a common growth. Faith then, having a single eye forever fixed unwaveringly upon God, shall be led by him, by the help of the intellect, through the ever-increasing series of his truth, to understand his life, his law, and his purpose, more completely, and to love him more devoutly.

J. C. P.

ONE OF GEN. GRANT'S BEST SPEECHES. — The following anecdote of the coming man we find given on the authority of Rev. Mr. Trask. In March, 1865, certain Philadelphia gentlemen waited on General Grant in front of Petersburg, and, in a style excessively polite, presented him with a costly Meerschaum. He replied as follows : —

"Gentlemen, it is true I smoke ; but it is a bad habit, and I propose to drop it. You have presented me with this pipe. I can do no less than thank you for it."

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

THE "Biblical Repertory" closes in this wise an interesting paper upon "Romanism in Rome :"—

"To an intelligent and observing mind, everything indicates that the present state of Rome cannot last much longer. There is wide disaffection to the papal government among its immediate subjects. It has ceased to have any temporal power or political influence outside of the states of the pope. Austria refuses to pay heed to the earnest remonstrances and warnings of the Holy Father. She has made a Protestant her prime-minister, and is taking rapid strides towards general popular education and civil religious liberty. Not a monarch in Europe has any fear of the denunciations of the Vatican, or any consideration for its wishes. Even Spain has at last felt the re-action, and the land of the inquisition of Philip II. and Torquemada is reaching forth after the boon which has always been denied her. The sceptre of ancient imperial power is falling from a nerveless hand, never to be grasped again. Ancient Athens once paid tribute to ancient Rome, but the modern Athens is rapidly undermining the modern Rome. Reason is in conflict with the dead superstitions of the past, and the re-action of ecclesiasticism is an equally destructive infidelity. Causes are at work, stronger and deeper than any surface political changes, to overthrow the tottering fabric of Romanism in its seat of empire. The pope fears a Garibaldi in every Italian. Ten thousand Roman youths are voluntary exiles from their native city, because of the oppression of the paternal rule of the Sovereign Pontiff. The castle of Los Aggellos is filled with brave sons of Italy who would rid their country of priestly domination. All through that fair kingdom, old convents, monasteries, and churches are crumbling to the dust. Only here and there a Capuchin, a Franciscan, or a Benedictine, keeps watch and ward in their deserted halls. A few monks

and friars flit like ghosts through the corridors of Monte Capri and Fiesoli. The life and spirit of Roman votaries is fast departing. Year by year the great pageantries of the church in Rome itself are less attended, and less cared for by those who attend them. Two Protestants to one Romanist witness the august ceremonies of St. Peter's at each recurring Christmas or Easter. The pope perpetually weeps over the decadence of priestly power, and the refractory course of rulers who once submitted to his nod. The vulture of infidelity has rather cut the heart of Roman supremacy. The processions of the confraternities number tens when there used to be hundreds. The most sacred ceremonies are mere exhibitions, and are stripped of all general reverence. Priests and pilgrims chatter in the very chapel when the *Miserere* is sung, and mingle their loud talk with the solemn cadences of the penitential strain. Inquire when you will, of whom you will, the same account is given by men in whom there is any truth at all. The most prolonged experience of the city confirms the impressions of the most rapid observation. The conclusion is, that Rome is as bad as possible. There is no public faith. The Government, which is the Church, is sustained in part by a lottery system which irritates the public conscience, debases the public morals, brings competence down to poverty, and sends poverty to crime and despair. There is no apparent desire for the good of the people. The charitable endowments of hospitals and schools have been diverted to the uses of the priesthood, and to increase the splendor of religious shows. Peculation and corruption are practiced without fear and without a blush. Public works are undertaken for private benefit, and ruin those who accomplish them. All improvement is virtually prohibited. Miserable fragments of reform, when resistance would be dangerous, are granted 'to the ear, but broken to the hope.' The confessional covers, under a fair semblance, a mass of falsehood, oppression, impurity, which would be incredible to any but one who had lived in Rome, and had the means of substantiating his words. Nor is it too much to say, that the present

state of Rome can hardly be paralleled even among the darkest pages of the history of our race.

"It is true that a slight re-actionary movement is at work (it can hardly be said to advance) in the Roman States. Dr. Protta, of Naples; Ventura, who has been forced to fly from Italy; Passaglia, who was excommunicated; Cardinal D'Andrea, who has but recently died after suffering everything; Panzini, a learned Capuchin, who has felt the weight of the hand of the modern inquisition, and barely escaped to publish his experiences in a book well worthy the study of all those who would be glad to bring back the days of the hierarchy; and Salvadoro, who ministers the gospel to a small flock of persecuted souls, — these, with others still Catholic in faith, asking no aid from Protestantism, are striving to stem the great tide of corruption and superstition in the Roman Church. But they have made but little or no headway under a system whose principle it is to repress freedom of conscience, and whose infallibility binds it to perpetuate an autocracy, which Leo X. aimed to establish, and which Innocent III. wielded with tremendous power. No remedy can reach the disease so long as the system exists. Were the papacy reduced to a mere primacy of honor; were spiritual and temporal powers dissociated; were the Scriptures exalted above decisions of councils and dogmas of the Church, and preached in the vernacular; were the local churches restored to the independence of early Christianity; were the authority of the Roman Curia, in matters of conscience and opinion and interpretation, overwhelmed; were compulsory celibacy removed, and the confessional abolished, — the tyranny and the scandalous corruptions of the Roman priesthood might be remedied: but this would be the practical destruction of the system itself. No man, and no body of men, be they ever so pure in intention and upright in purpose, can cope with the monstrous evils belonging to the temporal priestly power. They must be eventually borne away, either sinking under the current, or floating with it. Nothing will ever reform Rome short of the entire extinction of the power of the priesthood. Any secular misgovernment would be better than the

present hideous blasphemy against God and man. Any measure of earthly injustice is to be preferred to the perpetration of an infernal wrong under cover of celestial right. No priesthood can ever be supreme in temporal affairs without corrupting themselves, and defiling the state.

"The papacy is an autocracy. The hiding of its power is in the will of one man. So long as the pope appoints the bishops, and the bishops control the priests, and the priests are celibate, without the ties or sympathies of home; so long as the confessional lays hold of the consciences of the people, and indulgence absolve their sins,—so long will the system hold its own in the world. A structure that has survived the shocks of centuries, though it may be deprived of its temporal prestige, can hardly lose its spiritual supremacy. The changes of political affairs and the will of Providence may prostrate its power in the old seat of its dominion, and force it to relinquish the seven-hilled city. Intelligent Italians already predict the removal of the papal throne to this New World, and the revival on these Occidental shores of the contests which have desolated and wasted Europe. While the re-action of Romanism in Catholic countries is infidelity, the re-action of Protestantism is Ritualism and Romanism. The drift is perceptible both in England and America. While the church is relaxing its hold in Italy, it is extending itself in Anglo-Saxon countries. The advanced portion of the Anglican Church and of the Episcopal Church in our own land is making haste to meet and crown the Vicar of Christ. Already it has established the confessional, burns lighted candles on the altar in the daytime, uses incense at the holy sacrifice, elevates the blessed sacrament, adores, and teaches the people to adore, the consecrated element, believes Christ to be in them, and believes that under their veil is the sacred body and blood of the Lord and Saviour. It admits and preaches that Protestantism is a failure, and only waits the time and the pretext to throw itself into the arms of the 'historical church.' On the other extreme, Rationalism, weary alike of superstition and of Christianity, crystallizes and organizes and arrays its forces. Between the two antagonist powers of

the world, smaller than either, stronger than both, is the 'city which lieth four square,' occupied by the true disciples of Christ under their great leader. Neither Rome nor Athens can overthrow Jerusalem; for the law shall go forth from Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. Ritualism and Rationalism cannot stand before the Son of God when he cometh to judge and avenge his people. What changes the future has in store for the true church of God, what conflicts, what sufferings, what reverses, we know not. But though the heathen shall rage, and the people imagine a vain thing; though the kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his Anointed, saying, 'Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us,—yet he that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision. He shall speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure. I have set my King upon my holy hill of Zion.' That kingdom shall stand."

—The "New York Independent" writes in a truly catholic spirit of Unitarian free worship:—

"The Unitarians have established free public worship on Sundays, morning and evening, at the Cooper Institute, to meet the wants of those who are, for any reason, non-church-goers. The audiences for the last three Sundays have been very large and attentive. Our Unitarian brethren propose to preach practical rather than dogmatic Christianity, and to apply the teaching of the four Gospels to the daily needs of the human soul, keeping all sectarianism (including their own) out of sight. In this, all sincere Christians must wish them success. If the points in respect to which they differ from the Orthodox sects are important, so also are those in which they both agree."

—From the same paper we gather this discouraging account of public worship in one of our New England villages:—

"RELIGIOUS CHANGES IN NEW ENGLAND.

"Persons are still living who remember when almost the whole population of New England looked to the ministrations of the Congregational churches for religious instruction. In the days of Asahel Hooker, not yet sixty years since, the town of Goshen was considered a pattern of 'steady habits' in religion, and a happy specimen of an intelligent and united religious society. A country paper shows the present condition of affairs, as appears by the report of a committee appointed to take a 'religious census' of the town:—

"Number of families, two hundred and sixty-eight; members of Congregational churches, sixty-five; belonging to other evangelical churches, one hundred and twenty-one; families from which adults attend some church, two hundred and two; families whose heads do not attend, but who have children in Sabbath school, eleven; children not in Sabbath school, ninety-eight, twenty-six of which are Protestant."

"Of two hundred and sixty-eight families in the town, sixty-six, nearly one-fourth, have no adults who attend church. The whole number of families give but one hundred and eighty-six 'members of evangelical churches;' and of these only sixty-three—about thirty-five per cent, or slightly above one-third—are found in the church to which Hooker ministered with such ability and success. Why have these changes taken place? And is there any remedy? How shall that ground be retraced, so as to restore at least the ancient zeal in religion, even if the ancient unity is lost beyond recovery?"

—We earnestly wish that this "Independent" could be financially "converted," and brought to entertain and put forth sounder views upon the currency of the country. We constantly find statements in its columns upon this topic which to us are positively appalling; and when we think of the multitude of deserving clergymen who are brought to the very verge, yes, some of them within the verge, of pauperism by the present inflation, we cannot understand how the writer of the financial article in a *religious* paper can talk about the prosperity of the country. We are fearfully IN DEBT,—that is

the beginning, the middle, and the end of the whole matter ; we are *not* prosperous, except as the man is prosperous who has got an "extension ;" we ought to have economy and retrenchment preached to us, morning, noon, and night : and yet read this :—

" MONEY MARKET.

"The growing conviction among business men that nothing will be done by the present Congress to modify the currency, or to inaugurate an era of specie payments, gives confidence in the future financial condition of the country, and tends to draw out capital for the use of speculations."

And this :—

"The next question is, 'How shall the nation be supplied with the paper currency which is needed in addition to specie?' The answer is, By our excellent banking system. Let this system be extended indefinitely."

— Here is something a little more sensible from "The Methodist :"—

"Our annual revenue, collected directly or indirectly by taxation of the people, varies from three hundred and fifty-six to three hundred and sixty-five million dollars ; an enormous burden, and one grievous to be borne, but one the necessity of which all comprehend. Our citizens desire that the interest on our debt shall be promptly paid, and that a sufficient surplus shall annually be raised to gradually reduce the principal. But it is demanded that the collection and disbursement of these enormous sums shall be characterized by honesty. At best, the effects of a heavy national debt are the reverse of a national blessing (the consequences to the country of our combined systems of taxation and currency are ably set forth in Mr. Wells's annual Report). While all the necessities of life have advanced in price from fifty to one hundred per cent, wages have increased in a far less ratio ; and the same social condition is coming to prevail here which has long been established in the old governments of Europe : the rich are becoming richer, and the poor poorer ; and, this inequality being greater among the married than the unmar-

ried, 'marriages among the laboring classes are discouraged, and the forced employment of young children is made a necessity in order that the family may live.'

— In "The Radical" for February, Rev. Joseph May, who seems to us to be in the wrong company, sets down the following true words:—

"All real truth of God, then, comes by inspiration; not by exhibition in the world of sense. Knowledge may impel Faith, but Faith is always the mistress of Knowledge. We must keep this clearly in view. The bond that links man to God is faith, 'through which we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.' By this we *apprehend* him,—*know* him we cannot. No man living *knows* that there is a God, or that man is spiritual, or the soul immortal, or any like truths. Science perceives this, and denies the facts. But here she stultifies herself through her own egotism. Science uses knowledge as her only instrument; but spiritual things fall into another category. Man does not *know* there is a God, or that he himself is a spirit; but he has an assurance of these things as secure. Yes, one ten times more so; for it may be said he *cannot* doubt them: whereas, of things which he does "know,"—for example, the existence of the world and its passing phenomena,—philosophers have been in doubt since the world was. You "know" that there is a world; but you can never be *sure* of it. Who can prove that it is anything more than a phantasm? No one. Yet probably no human heart can banish from it the sure ideas of God and of the soul. It may be doubted whether there was ever an actual atheist on the soil of France, or an actual believer in human extinction among the Sadducees at Jerusalem. That is, could one get to the bottom of these men's consciousness, these ideas would be there, indestructible, inexpugnable, however much covered up by speculation, ignorance, or impurity."

— In the "Church Monthly" for January (what is the matter with the covers of this magazine?), Dr. Ewer finds Ritualism distinctly foretold by the last of the prophets:—

"There is one feature in 'Ritualism' which deserves especial advocacy at our hands, as it enjoys the singular honor of having been distinctly foretold by the last of the illustrious Jewish prophets. And, in view of its exceptional case, we will so far depart from our intention of confining ourselves to our subject in general as to call particular attention to it, though we can devote to it only a few words. 'From the rising of the sun even unto the going-down of the same, My Name shall be great among the Gentiles ; and in every place incense shall be offered unto My Name, and a Pure Offering ; for My Name shall be great among the heathen, saith the LORD of hosts.' Now, is not this prophecy to be read in the light of the fulfillment it has received in the practice of the Catholic Church ? Such is the usual method of interpretation. Can Protestants point to so complete a fulfillment of the plain words of this remarkable prophecy as that we urge ? It strikes us that its modern spiritual interpretation is simply the result of a natural and perhaps unconscious endeavor to square precept with practice. This mental phenomenon is not confined to moral cases. Schismatics have cut themselves off from the Church. Do they recognize the existence of the Church any longer ? Presbyterianism has thrown aside Holy Orders. Is it not blind to their necessity now ? And so on, until we grow sick at heart."

— We give some extracts from "A Memorial to the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, to be held in 1871 :"—

"This memorial was circulated in the last General Convention, and the following extract from a private letter will show the spirit in which it was received: "It must have cut, for the boy hired to circulate it was arrested. It was circulated impersonally. Please, therefore, remember that it might have been written by John Smith." We print it because it is curiously suggestive of some people's arguments.—ED.

"Whereas, No differences upon any doctrinal subject is, or ever has been, permitted in this denomination ; and *whereas*, practices are only the outward expressions of opinions ; *therefore, be it Resolved*, That in all the services of the Protes-

tant Episcopal Church in America, a complete uniformity is not only desirable, but should be made obligatory.

"Whereas, The human race has made so great an improvement during the past twenty-five years that it seems ridiculous to think that any further improvement can ever be made; therefore, be it Resolved, That whatever is customary now must be taken as the mould for all coming time.

"Whereas, It is desirable that a clergyman, during prayers, should be able to notice any disturbance in the congregation; therefore, be it Resolved, That all prayers be read by the minister with his face towards the people.

"Whereas, All the music of the Church Militant should be made so unlike the music of the Church Triumphant, that after death nothing will have to be unlearned; therefore, be it Resolved, That all the praises to God should be sung by a choir of four (opera singers preferred).

"Whereas, It is highly necessary that the Deity should be continually reminded of what is being sung; and whereas, it is becoming that the congregation should be able to ascertain, at least once in five minutes, that their representatives are not offering their devotions in an unknown tongue; therefore, be it Resolved, That each of these singers be requested to sing
 • the same words as a solo.

"Whereas, The old folks are accustomed to a square rostrum, mounted in the air; and whereas, it is more desirable to please them than to inquire what would be most conducive to the spiritual advancement of the masses; therefore, be it Resolved, That every pulpit should be made in the shape of a square box, and mounted ten feet in the air.

"Whereas, The sign of the Cross is usually made in the Baptismal Service upon the brow of an unreasoning infant, and is then an unmeaning sign; and whereas, we would be thought to teach the doctrine of an Atonement, if any further use of the Cross was ever permitted; therefore, be it Resolved, No clergyman shall use the sign of the Cross at any time, other than when baptizing a child under three years.

"Whereas, Our age and country are so irreverent that it is better to hide than to confess one's faith; therefore, be it Re-

solved, That a congregation may bow at the name of Jesus while the Creed is being recited, because we cannot restrain them ; but that if any one bows at his name at any other time, a policeman will be requested to remove him for disturbing worship.

" *Whereas*, Every one is on the road to Rome who believes that in the communion there is anything more than a mere eating and drinking common bread and common wine ; *therefore, be it Resolved*, Any clergyman who turns toward the table any other time than that prescribed by the Rubric, shall be deemed a Jesuit in disguise, and driven from the ministry."

— As the following question seems to be one of great difficulty, and of the utmost importance, we will give it as wide a circulation as possible. N. B. By "*genuflect*" the writer means "bow the knee."

"WHAT REVERENCE SHALL BE USED AT THE TIME OF RECEIVING THE HOLY COMMUNION ?

"*Sir*, — I notice that during low celebration at Christ Church and St. Albans in this city, some of the faithful, as they approach the altar to communicate, are in the habit of making a reverence before kneeling. It strikes me that this is an error. If anything is done, surely the communicant* should bow the knee. The "reverence" is a lesser act of devotion, well suited to the altar when the sacrament is not there. But when, after consecration, the King is present, none should approach or pass the throne except with bended knee.

"Now at communicating, the faithful approach to kneel. This act is in itself their Eucharistic adoration. It is the highest act of reverence they can pay, except prostration, and it seems clearly improper for them to pause before kneeling, for the purpose of making a simple reverence. Will you call the attention of Catholics to this ?

"Let the communicant advance at once to the rail and kneel. I have said that if he does anything prior to this act, clearly he should genuflect. But should he do the latter, he would be unnecessarily performing the same act of devotion twice.

"Very truly yours,

"CATHOLICUS."

RANDOM READINGS.

SINLESS PERFECTION, say some, is attainable even in this life. Only Omniscience can decide such a question, for it requires a knowledge of all the winding recesses of the heart. Sometimes, however, we see a life which passes away when no human eye can detect any blemish on its saintly purity. It is when perfect love has so joined the Christ within, that self is held in abeyance, and every word and every deed is replete with the sweet and tender cordialities inspired by a Christian faith, a faith that knows no change but from glory to glory. Such a life came to its beautiful close a few weeks since, on its eighty-seventh birthday, in the neighboring town of Wayland. It was that of a saintly woman, whose spirit would shrink from having her name mentioned with eulogy. She grew younger as she grew older, and did not die, but ceased breathing so gently that her friends could hardly tell the moment of transition. One great value of such a life is found in revealing the possibility of so much Christian grace and virtue in this world of temptation and trial, so much humility combined with a charity which was a perpetual sunshine. Her pastor sent the following lines to the "Liberal Christian," suggested by the life and death serenely beautiful.

EUTHANASIA.

BY S. D. ROBBINS.

The waves of light are drifting
From off the heavenly shore ;
The shadows all are lifting
Away forevermore.

Truth, like another morning,
Is beaming on my way :
I bless the Power that poureth in
The coming of the day.

I feel a life within me
That years can never bring.
My heart is full of blossoming :
It yearns to meet the spring.

Love fills my soul in all its deeps,
 And harmony divine
 Is sweetly sounding from above
 A symphony sublime.

The earth is robed in richer green,
 The sky in brighter blue,
 And, with no cloud to intervene.
 God's smile is shining through.

I hear the immortal harps which ring
 Before the sapphire throne,
 And a spirit from the heart of God
 Is bearing up my own.

In silence on the Olivet
 Of prayer my being bends,
 'Till in the orison of heaven
 My voice seraphic blends.

DEAFNESS. — A credible writer thinks that at least one-third of the American people are wholly or partially deaf. Probably two-thirds are deaf to some things which they ought to hear.

THE "ROSE-WATER MUSH." — It appears that the ninth article of the Constitution of the National Conference, which has raised so much dust, did not pass by a legal vote after all; the Constitution requiring a vote of two-thirds of the members *credited to the Conference* to alter the Constitution, not merely two-thirds of the members voting. The new article failed to receive two-thirds of the votes of members credited to the Conference, as some two hundred members did not vote at all. Whereupon, Mr. Artemas Carter, member of the Council, writes a letter, and declares the new article null and void. Whereupon Rev. E. E. Hale replies that because the president declared it a vote, and no one objected at the time, it *is* a vote, and goes upon the record, and no private individual can nullify it. Whereupon Mr. Carter would probably reply, if he replied at all, that the next Conference can overhaul the record, and amend it, and declare the article null and void by a majority vote, if anybody cares enough about it to make the motion, and extricate the Conference from the mush it is involved in. Or, again, any member can nullify the article; for, by the very terms of it, it binds nobody who objects to it in any degree whatever.

THE RAINIEST PLACE IN THE WORLD is said to be Sitka, capital of Alaska, our newly acquired territory. Nevertheless, it already feels the pulse of our American progress, for it has sprung from the proportions of a fishing village to those of a thriving city of two thousand souls, where the "locations" or plats of ground command California prices. For a small log house ten thousand dollars have been asked. So says an English traveler, Mr. Frederick Whympier. We hope his name does not indicate his disposition in depreciation of the climate and country. He says the puffs of the United States press concerning the agricultural resources of their new acquisition are "all moonshine." He says, too, it does not rain quite all the year round, or, like another country with which he has become familiar, nearer home, "while it snows." The thermometer seldom falls below twenty degrees.

THE CLOUD IN THE WEST. — Such Mr. Wendell Phillips regards the Chinese immigration to our western coast, threatening to trouble our political horizon almost as much as the negro question has done. There is reason for his warning. If the Chinamen are denied their rights, there is a new retribution in store for us. They are shamefully maltreated, and their testimony refused in the California courts. Sixty thousand are already in California. How they are regarded, and how cruelly they are insulted, without the means of redress, the reader may judge from the following, which we find clipped from a California paper: —

"On Sunday last, the Oakland boat brought over to our city quite a number of Chinamen, who came in their holiday attire, to visit their friends on this side of the bay. As they severally were walking peaceably along Pacific Street, they were assailed with a shower of stones, hurled by half-grown boys, set on and encouraged by their parents, who, every time a stone would strike one of the poor creatures, and cause him to yell out with pain, would set up a laugh of approval. This still further encouraged the boys not to rest contented with bruising their inoffensive victims; but they gathered up handfuls of mud to befoul their garments, besides setting upon them three large-sized bull-dogs, who bit and worried them. Several poor fellows took refuge inside neighboring stores, obliged to wait an hour, or longer, until they could see coming along some persons to escort them out of harm's way. This kind of amusement was

kept up for at least an hour, in the open Sabbath day, without a policeman around to check the outrage."

THE MAN WHO THINKS CHRISTIANITY A FAILURE. — "This man," says the "Transcript" of Feb. 8, "has too much self-respect to ask for a Christian pulpit in which to enforce his opinions." Since then, however, the man has got over his scruples entirely.

"THE GATES AJAR" is the title of Miss Phelps's very popular book. There is a great deal in a title, and to this the book owes not a little of its popularity. But it is a thoroughly good book, and conveys in small compass, and in a pleasant way, a great deal of truth pertaining to death, resurrection, and the future life, which must come like heavenly music over hearts stricken and bereaved. It is aspiration out of the depths of darkness into the light that gives gleamings of the heavenly hills. When such books come from Orthodox churches, we may believe that the darkness is past, and the morning come. In place of the old abstractions and cold generalizations, we have something definite and clear and Scriptural withal. "*Disembodied existence*" is treated of in this way: —

"I expect to become at once sinless, but to have a broader Christian character many years hence; to be happy at once, but to be happier by and by; to find in myself wonderful new tastes and capacities, which are to be immeasurably ennobled and enlarged after the resurrection, whatever that may mean."

"What does it mean?"

"I know no more than you; but you shall hear what I think, presently. I was going to say that this seems to be plain enough in the Bible. The angels took Lazarus at once to Abraham. Dives seems to have found no interval between death, and consciousness of suffering."

"They always tell you that is only a parable."

"But it must mean *something*. No story in the Bible has been pulled to pieces and twisted about as that has been. We are in danger of pulling and twisting all sense out of it. Then Judas, having hanged his wretched self, went to his own place. Besides, there was Christ's promise to the thief."

"I told her that I had heard Dr. Bland say that we could not place much dependence upon that passage, because 'Paradise' did not necessarily mean heaven."

"But it meant living, thinking, enjoying ; for "To-day thou shalt *be with me.*" Paul's beautiful, perplexed reverie, however, would be enough if it stood alone ; for he did not know whether he would rather stay in this world, or depart, and be with Christ, which is far better. *With Christ*, you see ; and his three mysterious days, which typify our intermediate state, were over then, and he had ascended to his Father. Would it be "far better" either to leave this actual, tangible life, throbbing with hopes and passions ; to leave its busy, Christ-like working ; its quiet joys ; its very sorrows, which are near and human, — for a nap of several ages, or even for a vague, lazy, half-alive disembodied existence ?'

"Disembodied ! I supposed of course it was disembodied."

"I do not think so. And that brings us to the resurrection. All the *tendency* of Revelation is to show that an embodied state is superior to a disembodied one. Yet certainly we who love God are promised that death will lead us into a condition which shall have the advantage of this : for the good apostle, to die "was gain." I don't believe, for instance, that Adam and Eve have been wandering about in a misty condition all these thousands of years. I suspect that we have some sort of body immediately after passing out of this ; but that there is to be a mysterious change, equivalent, perhaps, to a re-embodiment, when our capacities for action will be greatly improved, and that in some manner this new form will be connected with this "garment by the soul laid by."

"Deacon Quirk expects to rise in his own entire, original body, after it has lain in the First-Church cemetery a proper number of years, under a black-slate headstone, adorned by a willow, and such a "cherubim" as that poor boy shot. — By the way, if I've laughed at that story once, I have fifty times."

"Perhaps Deacon Quirk would admire a work of art that I found stowed away on the top of your Uncle Calvin's book-cases. It was an old woodcut — nobody knows how old — of an interesting skeleton rising from his grave, and, in a sprightly and modest manner, drawing on his skin, while Gabriel, with apoplectic cheeks, feet up, ermost in the air, was blowing a good-sized tin trumpet in his ear."

"No ; some of the popular notions of resurrection are simple physiological impossibilities, from causes too tedious to specify. Imagine, for instance, the resurrection of two Hottentots, one of whom has happened to make a dinner of the other some fine day. A little complication there ! Or picture the touching scene, when

that devoted husband, King Mausolas, whose widow had him burned, and ate the ashes, should feel moved to institute a search for his body! It is no wonder that the infidel argument has the best of it when we attempt to enforce a natural impossibility. It is worth while to remember that Paul expressly stated that we shall *not* rise in our entire earthly bodies. The simile which he used is the seed sown, dying in, and mingling with, the ground. How many of its original particles are found in the full-grown corn?

"Yet you believe that *something* belonging to this body is preserved for the completion of another?"

"Certainly: I accept God's statement about it, which is as plain as words can make a statement. I do not know, and I do not care to know, how it is to be effected. God will not be at a loss for a way, any more than he is at a loss for a way to make his fields blossom every spring."

FACTS (OR FICTIONS) THAT STARTLE. — The New York "World" is exhibiting the wounds and sores of the body politic. In an article of seven columns it describes the misery, neglect, and other horrors of the State Almshouse of Massachusetts, at Tewksbury. The following fact sums up the ghastly details: —

"With an average number of seven hundred and fifty-seven inmates, the great State Almshouse at Tewksbury reports two hundred and sixty deaths per year. The population of a small village perishes here annually, a population of all ages, infants at the breast, men and women, and those who count a superfluity of years."

In another sensational article, "The World" shows the awful oppressions and immoralities of the factory system as exhibited in the Lowell mills. Unfortunately for the writer, hatred of Massachusetts crops out in nearly every line, and the candid reader rises with the conviction that the articles have about ten per cent truth to ninety per cent fiction, and that they were manufactured for sensational effect.

SOMETHING WRONG IN DENMARK. — The "Unitarian Year Book" for 1869 gives a list of three hundred and eighty ministers. Of these, one hundred and forty-nine, more than one-third, are "unsettled." Of these one hundred and forty-nine, seventy are said to be in the vigor of manhood, and not retired on account of infirmity or age. It gives a list of three hundred and fourteen

Unitarian societies, eighty of which are without pastors, about one-fourth. What other denomination employs its material so ineffectually, or develops and economizes its power so poorly? What is the trouble in Denmark? This: the cry for smart preachers rather than inspired ones, and the want of organization around the Divine Head of the Church through whom the inspiration comes like a rushing wind.

MIXING THINGS UP IN PRAYER. — A little fellow going to bed, and saying his prayer, mixed it up unwittingly with his declamation at school as follows:—

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
And, if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes and Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.”

But why this should be repeated as very remarkable, or very exceptional, we fail to see. The little fellow was making early preparation for some kinds of ministry; for we have heard prayers in the pulpit which mixed things up a great deal worse,—petition with history, and much exhortation to the audience. We once heard the whole of Abraham Lincoln's religious experience reported to the Lord in detail, as if conveying important information to the upper spheres.

“NOW AND HERE” is the title of an excellent practical lecture by Dr. R. H. Neale, in which he shows that the most important time to every man is the present, and the most important place the place where he is. “The best things a man says and does,” says the doctor, “are called forth spontaneously by the time and occasion, for then the inspiration and direction of the Divine Providence are in them; but, when he writes elaborately for posterity, posterity will care nothing about it. One of the best things which Governor Andrew said, under the impulse of his great warm heart, will be long repeated, and will endear him in the memory of mankind,—‘I thank my God that I never despised a man because he was ignorant, or because he was poor, or because he was black.’” The doctor in this lecture gives some excellent advice to ministers about preaching on rainy Sundays: “Do not postpone your good sermon, prepared for the day, because you have few hearers, and do not

serve them with an old or a poor one. You will find afterward, when you come to preach the good sermon to a full house, that it has not kept well. It is not what it was when you wrote it and your soul was freshly in it. Besides, what right have you to turn off the hearers with inferior fare who come to church through storm and cold for the bread of life?"

FANNY FORESTER, the last wife and the widow of Dr. Judson, wrote a sweet poem, which we presume suggested the title to Miss Phelps's book.

THE PEARLY GATES AJAR.

I gazed adown life's labyrinth,
A bewildering maze to see,
Crossed o'er by many a tangled clew,
And wild as wild could be ;
And, as we gazed in doubt and dread,
An angel came to me.

I knew him for a heavenly guide,
I knew him even then,
Though meekly as a child he stood
Among the sons of men :
By his deep spirit loveliness
I knew him even then.

And as I leaned my weary head
Upon his proffered breast,
And scanned the peril-haunted wild
From out my place of rest,
I wondered if the shining ones
Of Eden were more blest.

For there was light within my soul,
Light on my peaceful way,
And all around the blue above
The clustering starlight lay,
And easterly I saw upreared
The pearly gates of day.

So, hand in hand, we trod the wild,
My angel love and I, —
His lifted wing all quivering
With tokens from the sky :
Strange, my dull thought could not divine
'T was lifted but to fly !

Again down life's dark labyrinth
 I grope my way alone,
 While wildly through the midnight sky
 Black hurrying clouds are blown,
 And thickly in my tangled path
 The sharp, thick thorns are sown.

Yet firm my foot, for well I know
 The goal cannot be far:
 And ever through the rifted clouds
 Shines out one steady star;
 For, when my guide went up, *he left*
The pearly gates ajar.

BORES IN PRAYER-MEETING.—Henry Ward Beecher holds a stated prayer-meeting. It commenced with a few, and now numbers *nine hundred*. At the meeting of the National Christian Convention, ministers thronged Mr. Beecher, and plied him with questions to get the secret of his success. The replies showed a profound knowledge of human nature on the part of Mr. Beecher. The questions and answers were very instructive, and we give them as reported in the Chicago "Advance" for the benefit of both ministers and laymen.

"Mr. Beecher, what do you do with bores in your prayer-meeting?"

"Well, I try to be patient with them. Christ, when he was living, was troubled with bores; and I say to myself, Why should I not be? I try to educate them, and make something out of them. The man who is a bore now may become an effective worker if one is only patient."

"Well, but, Mr. Beecher,"—it was Mr. Moody that interrupted, as one might almost know from the character of the question,— "there are some that are confirmed bores, and if you let them go on they will smash a prayer-meeting all to pieces: what do you do with them?"

"I never have and never will allow any one to 'smash' a prayer-meeting. If I cannot bring about a reformation by privately talking to him,—if no other means will answer, I can say to such a man, *SIT DOWN*. But then there are many ways to be tried first. If I see that a man is apt to talk in set phrase and continually repeat, I interrupt him with a question. A question is an obstruction in his track. He will have to get over it, or go around it, or

come to a stand-still. I ask him about his own experience in relation to what he is talking about, and in such a conversation there is no chance to be formal. I question the timid ones also. When I see that one that is deserving of aid is halting and stumbling, I help him with a question. There are a good many that cannot make a speech in prayer-meeting that can answer questions."

"Do you make special preparation for a prayer-meeting?"

"Yes. That is, I always have a subject in my mind that I want to present. Sometimes it is adhered to by others, and sometimes it is not. When it is not, I never try to bring it back, but I try to develop the thought that comes out the most prominently. I try to find out as quick as possible the leadings of the Holy Spirit, and then follow them."

"Did you ever have to exercise any authority in prayer-meeting of the nature you alluded to?"

"I had one man once that used to trouble me a great deal. He used"—and here Mr. Beecher impersonated him to the life—"he used to drag his words in the most tediously slow process that you can imagine. One evening he commenced as usual: 'I—hope—that—my—young—friends—will—not—like—me—put—off—their consideration—of the interests—of eternity;' and just then I interrupted him, by saying, "Mr. ———, if you go on that way much longer, eternity will be here and half through before you finish!"

"What are your theories for developing those that attend your prayer-meeting, and managing men?"

"I have no theories. One is to be developed in one way, and another in another. One man lacks in this, and another in that. It must be a minister's constant study to cultivate that which is feeble in men, and to prune the overgrowth. As to managing men, I never see a man unless I think, Now, how could I manage this man? I am like an engineer that can never pass a fort without thinking, How could I take that fort?"

THE REFORMATION OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—The Rev. John Henry Blunt, Vicar of Kensington, Oxford, gives a very different account of its history, principles, and results, from that which we have just had from Froude; and all who are interested in that great movement will read his book with eagerness. Without undertaking to justify the Romish Church, he attempts to show that justice has not been done by Protestants to the faithful men who

mourned over the condition of the English Church in the fourteenth century, and labored earnestly for its reformation. He has no admiration for Henry the Eighth; will listen to no excuses for him; charges him, in direct opposition to Froude, with extreme libertinism, which he sets forth as the moving spring of his dealing with Queen Catherine in the great divorce case; believes that whilst the monasteries greatly needed to be reformed, and were far too numerous, and were perhaps amongst the old things that should have been passing away, they were nevertheless cruelly persecuted and vilely belied, and that a portion of them at least should have been allowed to remain. We hope that the book, which comes to us from abroad, may presently find an American publisher.

THE following paragraphs are from the manuscripts of the late Rev. Dexter Clapp:—

“Faith in the heart will produce the fruit of good works in the life. So we are justified by the truth we accept, and by the duties we fulfill. Behind all earnest working there must be strong believing. We must have faith in God before we can serve him. And we must have faith in man before we can honor him, or seriously try to save him.”

“Half of our Bible is not fabulous, or useless, or false. We cannot cut away its supernatural and spiritual part, and leave its moral part unimpaired and vital. We take the throbbing, living *heart* from that book, when we take away prophecy and miracle,—when we make Christ only a preacher of righteousness, and deny that “he is the resurrection and the life.”

“Salvation implies not only an upright life, a pure heart, and daily virtue; but a spiritual exaltation of being, to answer and satisfy our present aspirations and longings and hopes. It implies that sacrifice and fidelity, which never have their deserts or full reward in this world, and often fare no better than infidelity and selfishness, shall be abundantly compensated, beyond our thought or desire, in the world to come.”

“We must bring heaven and earth together before we can see the entireness of God’s universe. We must bring them together in our own hearts before we can know the reconciliation that Christ has wrought. There is one solemn moment in human experience that makes this union vivid and real,—when the visible and invisible manifestly meet; when what we see and hear mingles with what

we believe. It is the moment when the spirit passes ; when we feel it is ours *and* God's at the same instant of time ; when the audible voice and the eternal silence come together."

"The songs of David are something more than splendid poetry. Lofty, earnest prayer flows naturally into the Psalmist's poetic measures. We put our deep cry unto God into the words of the sweet singer of Israel ; and we say, as he did, 'Our souls pant after thee, O God, as the hart panteth for the water-brooks.' Language like that, so simple, and yet so full, falls on the ear like the speech of angels, and rings like the music of a higher and heavenly sphere."

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

MINE eyes were stiffened with the last-night's tears,
And my brow ached too heavily to weep,
Oppressed with sorrow past and future fears,
Too weary to awake, too sad to sleep.

With listless hand I drew away the blind,
To look where lay the morning dull and gray :
I heard no whisper of the cold night wind,
I saw no gleam to chase the gloom away.

Spread like a morning veil on every hill,
Hung cheerless mist, through which the dark dawn crept :
The rain-drops on the trees lay cold and still,
Like tears of one who in his sleep hath wept.

Sadly I turned, and laid me down again,
Till sorrow's leaden trance my sense did steal, —
As those who, lulled by very strength of pain,
Forget their pain a while, and cease to feel.

So passed the hours away, and I awoke ;
But while I slept the world had traveled on :
The damp mist rolled away, the morning broke,
And, pouring radiance forth, uprose the sun.

The purple hills were tinged with living light ;
The grass was waving in the morning breeze ;
Like sparkling gems, the rain-drops of the night,
In rainbow showers, were glistening from the trees.

Then my heart melted too, and the deep gloom
 Passed like the dreary morning mist away ;
 The sun shone warm and bright into my room,
 And I rose up from my dull trance to pray.

O God, most merciful ! 't is ever so :
 While thankless man feels but the present pain,
 And lies steeped in the weariness of woe,
 Thy step is drawing near to heal again.

Then teach us, Lord, to bow beneath the rod,
 Even for the chastisement to love thee more ;
 To trust the mercy of the loving God,
 And in the very blow his hand adore.

So shall we walk through our life's checkered day,
 Safe from its noontide heat, its evening blight,
 Till the last hour of gloom shall pass away,
 And leave us to awake in endless light.

LIVING AGE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED PROTESTANT. — There was a great commotion in the ritualistic church at Brighton, England, a few Sundays since. While Rev. J. Parshas, the rector, in gaudy vestments, was leading a procession through the aisles, a man suddenly arose in one of the pews, and cried out, "I can't stand this ! O the martyrs of Smithfield ! Protestants, to the rescue !" At the same time he hurled a prayer-book at the head of the rector, who fled to the altar for refuge, and the greatest excitement and confusion ensued. The too vigorous Protestant was soon seized and carried out, however, and the procession formed again. The offender was fined one pound and costs by the police judge, next day, which the anti-ritualistic churchmen more than made up to him. Mr. Parshas is the rector whom the Bishop of Chichester lately inhibited from officiating ; but he persists, claiming that his church is private property, and that he is supported by the voluntary offerings of his people.

REFORMING the world is like patching an old coat, which will soon need another patch ; but, if it were not for reformers, the world would always be out at elbows.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Evidences of Christianity. With an Introduction on the Existence of God, and the Immortality of the Soul. By EBENEZER DODGE, D. D., President of Madison University. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington Street.

We have examined this book with a great deal of care, and have no hesitation in heartily commending it to all who would study Christian evidences in the light of modern science and in the face of modern skepticism. The writer is competent to the task, a man of intellectual vigor and of a candid temper. He never makes the mistake of seizing more ground than he can hold, or more than there is any need of holding. We hope that the book will be widely used in our colleges and Sunday schools.

E.

Religion and Life. By JAMES REED.

This little book is intelligible, devout, and practical. Its Christology is to us the least satisfactory portion, inasmuch as the proper personality of our Lord, to our reading of the author's words, disappears altogether. There was a seeming personality, a human phantasm, so long as the incarnation was incomplete; but no Son, glorious with the Father before the world was, can find place in Mr. Reed's exposition of the transcendent fact. "Before its completion, and while it was in progress, there was an *appearance* of two distinct persons. Because there were two separate parts, one divine and the other human, it seemed as if there were two separate beings, one divine and the other human." The italics here are ours. If the Lord's distinct personality could be only this, what shall we say of our own personality? and how far is the New-Church Christology from the Pantheism from which we are sure its adherents would shrink? We are tempted to ask, not, we hope, captiously, Is the spiritual lesson which the follower of Swedenborg finds in the letter really *in* the letter, or is it put there by the finder? Is it not hugely incredible that the spirit of truth should teach the great and blessed truths of the soul's regeneration in an account of the work of creation which for ages has been literally received, and at last has been scientifically discredited?

E.